THE

FATAL CURIOSITY:

An Affecting NARRATIVE,

Founded on FACTS.

To which is prefix'd,

The Young Lady's Preceptor;

OR,

LETTERS

To a Young LADY of Diſtinction,

UPON

POLITENESS.

Adapted to

The Religion, Cuſtoms, and Manners of the Engliſh Nation.

——————— Adorn'd
With all that Earth or Heav'n could beſtow
To make her amiable: —— On ſhe came,
Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every Geſture Dignity and Love. MILTON.

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THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

Old WILMOT *alone.*

THE day is far advanced; the chearful ſun purſues with vigour his repeated courſe; no labour leſſens, and no time decays his ſtrength or ſplendor: Evermore the ſame; from age to age his influence ſuſtains dependant worlds, beſtows both life, and motion on the dull maſs that forms their duſky orbs, chears them with heat, and gilds them with his brightneſs. Yet man, of jarring elements compoſed, who poſts from change to change, from the firſt hour of his frail being till his diſſolution, enjoys the ſad prerogative above him, to think, and to be wretched.—What's life, to him that is born to die! or what that wiſdom whoſe perfection ends, in knowing we know nothing! meer contradiction all! a tragic farce, tedious, though ſhort, and without art elab'rate, ridiculouſly ſad. —— Where haſt been, Randal?

Randal. Not out of Penryn, Sir; but to the Strand, to hear what news from Falmouth, ſince the ſtorm of wind laſt night.

Old Wilmot. It was a dreadful one.

Randal. Some found it ſo. A noble ſhip from India entering the harbour, run upon a rock, and there was loſt.

Old Wilmot. What became of thoſe on board?

Randal. Some few are ſaved, but much the greater part, it is thought, have periſhed.

Old Wilmot. They are paſt the fear of future tempeſts, or a wreck on ſhore; thoſe who eſcaped, are ſtill expoſed to both.

Randal. But I have heard news, much ſtranger than this ſhipwreck in Cornwall here. ——— The brave Sir Walter Raleigh, your relation, being arrived at Plymouth from Guinea, (a moſt unhappy voyage) has been betrayed by baſe Sir Lewis Stukeley,

ley, his own kinſman, and ſeized on, by an order from the court; and, it is reported, he muſt loſe his head, to ſatisfy the Spaniards.

Old Wilmot. Not unlikely:—his martial genius does not ſuit the times. There is now no inſolence that Spain can offer, but to the ſhame of this pacific reign, poor England muſt ſubmit to it.——Gallant man! poſterity, perhaps may do him juſtice, and praiſe his courage, learning and integrity, when he is no more: His ſucceſsful enemies, much ſooner paid, have their reward in hand, and know for what they laboured.——Such events muſt, queſtionleſs, excite all thinking men, to love and practiſe virtue!

Randal. Nay, it is certain, that virtue never appears ſo like itſelf, ſo truly bright and great as when oppreſt.

Old Wilmot. I underſtand no riddles.—Where is your Miſtreſs?

Randal. I ſaw her paſs the High-ſtreet towards the minſter.

Old Wilmot. She is gone to viſit Charlot.—She does well.—In the ſoft boſom of that gentle maid, there dwells more goodneſs, than the rigid race of mortal pedants, ever believed, or taught. With what amaſing conſtancy and truth, doth ſhe ſuſtain the abſence of our Son, whom more than life ſhe loves! How ſhun for him, (whom ſhe may never ſee again) the rich and great? Who own her charms more than ſupply the want of ſhining heaps, and ſigh to make her happy. Since our misfortunes, we have found no friend—None who regarded our diſtreſs—but her; and ſhe, by what I have obſerved of late, is tired, or elſe exhauſted.——It is a curſed condition, to live a burden to one only friend, and leſſen her fortune with our contagious woe! who that had reaſon, ſoul, or ſenſe, would bear it a moment longer!———Then this honeſt wretch!———I muſt diſmiſs him.——Why ſhould I detain a grateful, generous youth to periſh with me? His ſervice may procure him bread elſewhere, though I have none to give him.———Prithee, Randal, how long have you been in my ſervice?

Randal. Fifteen years, Sir. I was a very child when firſt you took me, to wait upon your Son, my dear abſent young maſter; I have often wiſhed, that I had gone to India with him; though you give him over for loſt. *(Old Wilmot wipes his eyes.)* I am to blame.—This talk revives your ſorrow for his abſence.

Old Wilmot. How can that be revived which never died?

Randal. The whole of my intent was to confeſs your bounty, that ſupplied the loſs of both my parents: I was long the object of your charitable care.

Old Wilmot. No more of that: Thou haſt ſerved me longer ſince without reward; ſo that account is balanced, or rather I

am

am thy debtor.———I remember, when poverty began to ſhow her face within theſe walls, and all my other ſervants, like pampered vermin, from a falling houſe, retreated with the plunder they had gained, and left me, too indulgent, (too remiſs for ſuch ungrateful wretches) to be cruſhed beneath the ruin they had helped to make, and that you, more good than wiſe, refuſed to leave me.

Randal. Nay, I beſech you, Sir, no more.———

Old Wilmot. With my diſtreſs, in perfect contradiction to the world, thy love, reſpect and diligence increaſed; now all the recompence within my power, is to diſcharge thee, from my hard, unprofitable ſervice.

Randal. Heaven forbid! ſhall I forſake you in your greateſt need? Believe me, Sir, my honeſt ſoul abhors the barbarous thought.

Old Wilmot. Why, canſt thou feed on air? I have not left wherewith to purchaſe food for one month longer.

Randal. Rather than leave you thus, I will beg my bread, and live on others bounty while I ſerve you.

Old Wilmot. Down, down, my ſwelling heart, or burſt in ſilence; it is thy cruel fate inſults thee by his kindneſs — He is innocent of all the pain it gives thee. —— Go thy ways, Randal, I will no more ſuppreſs thy youthful hopes of riſing in the world.

Randal. It is true, I am young, and never tried my fortune, or my genius, which may perhaps find out ſome happy means, as yet unthought of, to ſupply your wants.

Old Wilmot. Thou tortureſt me.—I hate all obligations which I can never return.———And who art thou, that I ſhould ſtoop to take them from thy hand! care for thyſelf, but pray take no thought for me; I will not want thee———trouble me no more.

Randal. Be not offended, Sir, and I will go. I never repined at your commands before; but, heaven's my witneſs! I obey you now with ſtrong reluctance, and a heavy heart. Farewel, my worthy maſter. *(Randal going.)*

Old Wilmot. Farewel——Stay——As thou art yet a ſtranger in the world, of which, alas! I have had too much experience, I ſhould, methinks, before we part, beſtow a little counſel on thee———Dry thy eyes——If thou weepeſt thus, I ſhall proceed no farther. Doſt thou aſpire to greatneſs, or to wealth, quit books, and the unprofitable ſearch of wiſdom there, and ſtudy human kind: No ſcience will avail thee without that, but that obtained, thou needeſt not any other. This will inſtruct thee to conceal thy views, and wear the face of probity and honour, until thou haſt gained thy end; (which muſt be ever thy own

advantage) at that man's expence, who ſhall be weak enough to think thee honeſt.

Randal. You mock me ſure.

Old Wilmot. I never was more ſerious.

Randal. Why ſhould you counſel what you ſcorned to practiſe?

Old Wilmot. Becauſe that fooliſh ſcorn has been my ruin. I have been an idiot, but would have thee wiſer, and treat mankind, as they would treat thee, Randal; as they deſerve, and as I have been treated by them. Thou has ſeen by me, and thoſe who now deſpiſe me, how men of fortune fall, and beggars riſe; ſhun my example; treaſure up my precepts; the world is before thee——be a knave, and proſper.

Randal. You aſtoniſh me, Sir, where are all your former principles?

Old Wilmot. No matter; ſuppoſe I have renounced them: I have paſſions, and love thee ſtill; therefore would have thee think, the world is all a ſcene of deep deceit, and he who deals with mankind on the ſquare, is his own bubble, and undoes himſelf. Farewel, and may'ſt thou proſper.

Randal. Is this the man, I thought ſo wiſe and juſt? What, teach and counſel me to be a villain! ſure grief has made him frantic, or ſome fiend aſſumed his ſhape——I ſhall ſuſpect my ſenſes. High-minded he was ever, and improvident; but pitiful and generous to a fault: pleaſure he loved, but honour was his idol. O fatal change! O horrid transformation! ſo a majeſtic temple ſunk to ruin, becomes the loathſome ſhelter and abode of lurking ſerpents, toads, and beaſts of prey;

For ſcaly dragons hiſs, and lions roar,
Where wiſdom taught, and muſic charmed before.

CHARLOT *in her own Apartment, with* MARIA *her Maid.*

Charlot. What terror and amazement muſt thoſe feel who die by ſhip-wreck.

Maria. It is a dreadful thought!

Charlot. Ay, is it not, Maria! to deſcend, living and conſcious, to that watry tomb? alas! had we no ſorrows of our own, the frequent inſtances of others woe, muſt give a generous mind a world of pain. *(Maria leaves a letter on the table.)* What is this?——A letter ſuperſcribed to me! none could convey it here but you, Maria. Ungenerous, cruel maid! to uſe me thus! to join with flattering men to break my peace, and perſecute me to the laſt retreat!

Maria.

Maria. Why ſhould it break your peace, to hear the ſighs of honourable love, and know the effects of your reſiſtleſs charms. This letter is——

Charlot. No matter whence—return it back unopened: I have no love, no charms, but for my Wilmot, nor would have any.

Maria. Strange infatuation! why ſhould you waſte the flower of your days in fruitleſs expectation.———Wilmot is dead; or living, dead to you.

Charlot. I will not deſpair, patience ſhall cheriſh hope, nor wrong his honour by unjuſt ſuſpicion. I know his truth, and will preſerve my own. But to prevent all future, vain, officious importunity, know, thou inceſſant foe of my repoſe, whether he ſleeps ſecure from mortal cares, in the deep boſom of the boiſterous main, or toſt with tempeſts, ſtill endures its rage; whether his weary pilgrimage by land has found an end, and he now reſts in peace in earth's cold womb, or wanders over her face; be it my lot to waſte, in pining grief, the remainder of my days for his known loſs, or live, as now, uncertain and in doubt, no ſecond choice ſhall violate my vows; high heaven, which heard them, and abhors the perjur'd, can witneſs, they were made without reſerve; never to be retracted, never diſſolved by accidents, or abſence, time or death.

Maria. I know, and long have known, my honeſt zeal to ſerve you, gives offence——But be offended——This is no time for flattery——Did your vows oblige you to ſupport his gloomy, proud, impatient parents, to your utter ruin——You well may weep to think on what you have done.

Charlot. I weep to think that I can do no more for their ſupport——What muſt become of them?——The hoary, helpleſs, miſerable pair.

Maria. Then all theſe tears, this ſorrow, is for them.

Charlot. Taught by affliction, I have learned to bear much greater ills than poverty with patience, when luxury and oſtentation are baniſhed, the calls of nature are but few; and thoſe theſe hands, unuſed to labour, may ſupply. But when I think on what my friends muſt ſuffer, my ſpirit fail, and I am overwhelmed with grief.

Maria. What I would blame, you force me to admire, and mourn for you, as you lament for them. Your patience, conſtancy, and reſignation deſerves a better fate.

Charlot. So pride would tell me, and vain ſelf-love, but I believe them not; and if by wanting pleaſure I have gained humility, I am richer by my loſs.

Maria. You have the heavenly art, ſtill to improve your mind

mind by all events——But here comes one, whoſe pride ſeems to increaſe with her misfortunes. Her faded dreſs unfaſhionably fine, as ill conceals her poverty, as that ſtrained complaiſance her haughty, ſwelling heart. Though periſhing with want, ſo far from aſking, ſhe never receives a favour uncompelled, and while ſhe ruins, ſcorns to be obliged: She wants me gone, and I abhor her ſight.

Lady WILMOT *makes a viſit to* CHARLOT.

Charlot. This viſit's kind.

L. Wilmot. Few elſe would think it ſo. Thoſe who would once have thought themſelves much honoured by the leaſt favour, though it where but a look, I could have ſhewn them, now refuſe to ſee me. It is miſery enough to be reduced to the low level of the common herd, who born to beggary envy all above them: But it is the curſe of curſes, to endure the inſolent contempt of thoſe we ſcorn.

Charlot. By ſcorning, we provoke them to contempt; and thus offends, and ſuffer in our turns! we muſt have patience.

L. Wilmot. No, I ſcorn them yet. But there is no end of ſuffering: Who can ſay their ſorrows are compleat; my unhappy huſband, tired with our woes, and hopeleſs of relief, grows ſick of life.

Charlot. May gracious heaven ſupport him!

L. Wilmot. He, urged by indignation and deſpair, would plunge into eternity at once, by foul ſelf-murder: His fixed love for me, whom he would perſwade to ſhare his fate, and take the ſame uncertain, dreadful courſe, alone with-holds his hand.

Charlot. And may it ever.

L. Wilmot. I have known with him the two extremes of life, the higheſt happineſs, and deepeſt woe, with all the ſharp and bitter aggravations of ſuch a tranſition——Such a fall in the decline of life!——I have as quick, as exquiſite a ſenſe of pain as he, and would do any thing, (but die) to end it; but there my courage fails——Death is the worſt that fate can bring, and cuts off every hope.

Charlot. We muſt not chuſe, but ſtrive to bear our lot without reproach, or guilt: But by one act of deſperation, we may overthrow the merit we have been raiſing all our days; and loſe our whole reward.——And now, methinks, now more than ever, we have cauſe to fear, and be upon our guard. The hand of heaven ſpreads clouds on clouds over our benighted heads, and wrapped in darkneſs, doubles our diſtreſs.—I had, the night laſt paſt, repeated twice, a ſtrange and awful dream: I would not yield

yield to fearful ſuperſtition, nor deſpiſe the admonition of a friendly power that wiſhed my good.

L. Wilmot. I have certain plagues enough, without the help of dreams, to make me wretched.

Charlot. I would not ſtake my happineſs or duty on their uncertain credit, nor on aught but reaſon, and the known decrees of heaven. Yet dreams have ſometimes ſhewn events to come, and may excite to vigilance and care, in ſome important hour; when all our weakneſs ſhall be attacked, and all our ſtrength be needful, to ſhun the gulph that gapes for our deſtruction, and fly from guilt, and everlaſting ruin. My viſion may be ſuch and ſent to warn us. Now we are tried by multiplied afflictions, to mark each motion of our ſwelling hearts, and not attempt to extricate ourſelves, and ſeek deliverance by forbidden ways; but keep our hopes and innocence entire, until we are diſmiſſed to join the happy dead in that bleſſed world, where tranſitory pain, and frail imperfect virtue, is rewarded with endleſs pleaſure and conſummate joy; or heaven relieves us here.

L. Wilmot Well, pray proceed, you have raiſed my Curioſity at leaſt

Charlot. Methought, I ſat, in a dark winter's night, my garments thin, my head and boſom bare, on the wide ſummit of a barren mountain; defenſeleſs and expoſed, in that high region, to all the cruel rigors of the ſeaſon. The ſharp, bleak winds pierced through my ſhivering frame, and ſtorms of hail, and ſleet, and driving rains beat with impetuous fury on my head, drenched my chilled limbs, and poured a deluge round me. On one hand, ever gentle patience ſate, on whoſe calm boſom I reclined my head; and on the other, ſilent contemplation. At length, to my uncloſed and watchful eyes, that long had rolled in darkneſs, and often raiſed their chearleſs orbs up towards the ſtarleſs ſky, and ſought for light in vain; the dawn appeared, and I beheld a man, an utter ſtranger, but of a graceful and exalted mien, who preſſed with eager tranſport to embrace me. I ſhunned his arms——But at ſome words he ſpoke, which I have now forgot, I turned again, but he was gone—— And oh! tranſporting ſight! your Son, my deareſt Wilmot! filled his place.

L. Wilmot. If I regarded dreams, I ſhould expect ſome fair event from yours: I have heard nothing that ſhould alarm you yet.

Charlot. But what is to come, though more obſcure, is terrible indeed.—Methought, we parted ſoon, and when I ſought him, you and his father—Yes, ye both were there—— Strove

to

to conceal him from me: I purſued you with my cries, and called on heaven and hearth to judge my wrongs, and force you to reveal where you had hid my love, my life, my Wilmot.

L. Wilmot. Unleſs you mean to affront me, ſpare the reſt. It is juſt as likely Wilmot ſhould return, as we become your foes.

Charlot. Far be ſuch rudeneſs from my thoughts: But when you named ſelf-murder, it revived the frightful image of the dreadful ſcene.

L. Wilmot. You will perſiſt!——

Charlot. Excuſe me; I have done. As it was a dream, I thought, indeed, it could not give offence.

L. Wilmot. Not when the matter of it is offenſive!—You could not think ſo, had you thought at all; but I take nothing ill from thee.———Adieu! I have tarried longer than I firſt intended, and my poor huſband mourns the while alone.

Charlot. She is gone abruptly, and I fear diſpleaſed. The leaſt appearance of advice or caution, ſets her impatient temper in a flame. When grief, that well might humble, ſwells our pride, and pride increaſing, aggravates our grief, the tempeſt muſt prevail 'till we are loſt.

When heaven, incens'd, proclaims unequal war
With guilty earth, and ſends its ſhafts from far,
No bolt deſcends to ſtrike, no flame to burn
The humble ſhrubs that in low valleys mourn;
While mountain pines, whoſe lofty heads aſpire
To fan the ſtorm, and wave in fields of fire,
And ſtubborn oaks that yield not to its force,
Are burnt, o'erthrown, or ſhiver'd in its courſe.

The Town and Port of Penryn, *in* Cornwall.

Young WILMOT *and* EUSTACE, *in Indian Habits.*

Y. Wilmot. Welcome, my dear friend, to Penryn; here we are ſafe.

Euſtace. Then we are delivered twice; firſt from the ſea, and then from ſavage men, who, more remorſeleſs, prey upon ſhipwreck'd wretches, murdering thoſe whom fatal tempeſts and devouring waves, in all their fury, ſpared.

Y. Wilmot. It is a ſcandal, (though malice muſt acquit the better ſort) the rude unpoliſhed people here in Cornwall have long lain under, and with too much juſtice: Could our ſuperiors find ſome happy means to mend it, they would gain immortal

tal honour; for it is an evil grown almoſt invet'rate, and aſks a bold and ſkilful hand to cure.

Euſtace. Your treaſure is ſafe, I hope.

Y. Wilmot. It is here, thank heaven! being in jewels, when I ſaw our danger, I put it in my boſom.

Euſtace. I obſerved you, and wondered how you could command your thoughts, in ſuch a time of terror and confuſion.

Y. Wilmot. My thoughts were then at home.—O England! England! thou ſeat of plenty, liberty, and health, with tranſport I behold thy verdent fields, thy lofty mountains rich with uſeful ore, thy numerous herds, thy flocks, and winding ſtreams: After a long and tedious abſence, Euſtace, with what delight we breathe our native air, and tread the genial ſoil that bore us firſt. It is ſaid, the world is every wiſe man's country; yet, after having viewed its various nations, I am weak enough ſtill to prefer my own to all I have ſeen beſide.——You ſmile, my friend, and think, perhaps, it is inſtinct more than reaſon—Why be it ſo—Inſtinct preceded reaſon in the wiſeſt of us all, and may ſometimes be much the better guide. But be it either; I muſt confeſs, that even death itſelf appeared to me with twice its native horrors, when apprehended in a foreign land. Death is, no doubt, in every place the ſame; yet obſervations muſt convince us, moſt men, who have it in their power, chuſe to expire where they firſt drew their breath.

Euſtace. Believe me, Wilmot, your grave reflections were not what I ſmiled at; I own the truth. That we are returned to England affords me all the pleaſure you can feel merely on that account: Yet I muſt think a warmer paſſion gives you all this tranſport. You have not wandered, anxious and impatient, from clime to clime, and compaſt ſea and land to purchaſe wealth, only to ſpend your days in idle pomp and luxury at home: I know thee better; thou art brave and wiſe, and muſt have nobler aims.

Y. Wilmot. O, Euſtace! Euſtace! thou knoweſt, for I have confeſſed to thee, I love; but having not ſeen the charming maid theſe ſeven years paſt, thou can'ſt not know the fierceneſs of my flame. My hopes and fears, like the tempeſtuous ſeas that we have paſt, now mount me to the ſkies, now hurl me down from that ſtupendous height, and drive me to the centre. Did you know how much depends on this important hour, you would not be ſurprized to ſee me thus tranſported with joy. The ſinking fortune of our ancient houſe, which time and various accidents had waſted, compelled me young to leave my native country, my weeping parents, and my lovely Charlot; who

ruled, and muſt for ever rule my fate. How I have improved, by care and honeſt commerce, my riches, you are in part a witneſs. It is now ſeven tedious years ſince I ſet forth, and, as the uncertain courſe of my affairs bore me from place to place, I quickly loſt the means of correſponding with my friends. —— Oh! ſhould my Charlot! doubtful of my truth, or in deſpair ever to ſee me more, have given herſelf to ſome more happy lover! —— Diſtraction's in the thought! ——Or ſhould my parents, grieved for my abſence and oppreſſed with want, have ſunk beneath their burden, and expired, while I too late was flying to relieve them; the end of all my long and weary travels, the hope, that made ſucceſs itſelf a bleſſing, being defeated and for ever loſt; what were the riches of the world to me?

Euſtace. The wretch who fears all that is poſſible, muſt ſuffer more than he who feels the worſt a man can feel, who lives exempt from fear. A woman may be falſe, and friends are mortal; and yet your aged parents may be living, and your fair miſtreſs conſtant.

Y. Wilmot. True, they may; I doubt, but I deſpair not;— No, my friend, my hopes are ſtrong and lively as my fears, and give me ſuch a proſpect of my bliſs, as nothing but fruition can exceed: They tell me, Charlot is as true as fair, as good as wiſe, as paſſionate as chaſte; that ſhe with fierce impatience, like my own, laments our long and painful ſeparation; that we ſhall meet, never to part again; that I ſhall ſee my parents, kiſs the tears from their pale hollow cheeks, chear their ſad hearts, and drive that gaping phantom, meagre want, for ever from their board; crown all their days to come, with peace, with pleaſure and abundance; receive their fond embraces, and their Bleſſings, and be a Bleſſing to them.

Euſtace. It is our weakneſs, blind to events, we reaſon in the dark, and fondly apprehend what none ever found, or ever ſhall, pleaſure and pain unmixed.

Y. Wilmot. I will go this inſtant to ſeek my Charlot, and explore my fate.

Euſtace. What in that foreign habit.

Y. Wilmot. That is a trifle, not worth my thoughts.

Euſtace. The hardſhips you have endured, and your long ſtay beneath the burning zone, where one external ſultry ſummer reigns, have marred the native hue of your complexion; methinks you look more like a ſun-burnt Indian, than a Briton.

Y. Wilmot. Well, it is no matter, Euſtace, I hope my mind is not altered for the worſe; and for my outſide it is no matter; but inform me, friend, when I may hope to ſee you again.

Euſtace.

Euſtace. When you pleaſe, you will find me at the inn.

Y. Wilmot. When I have learnt my doom, expect me there, 'till then farewel.

Euſtace. Farewel, ſucceſs attend you.

Y. Wilmot. We flatter and torment ourſelves by turns with what may never be: Amazing folly! we ſtand expoſed to many unavoidable calamities, and therefore fondly labour to increaſe their number, and inforce their weight, by our fantaſtic hopes and groundleſs fears.

For one ſevere diſtreſs impos'd by fate,
What numbers doth tormenting fear create?
Deceiv'd by hope, Ixion-like, we prove
Immortal joys, and ſeem to rival Jove;
The cloud diſſolv'd, impatient we complain,
And pay for fancied bliſs ſubſtantial pain.

CHARLOT'S *Houſe.* — CHARLOT *thoughtful; and* MARIA *her Maid comes into her Apartment.*

Maria. Madam, a ſtranger in a foreign habit deſires to ſee you.

Charlot. In a foreign habit——It is ſtrange and unexpected—But admit him.——Who can this ſtranger be? I know no foreigner, nor no man like this.

Y. Wilmot. Ten thouſand joys!—— *(Going to embrace her.*

Charlot. You are rude, Sir, pray forbear, and let me know what buſineſs brought you here, or leave the place.

Y. Wilmot. She knows me not, or will not ſeem to know me. *(Aſide.)* Perfidious maid! am I forgot or ſcorn'd?

Charlot. Strange queſtions from a man I never ſaw before.

Y. Wilmot. With what averſion and contempt ſhe views me! my fears are true; ſome other has her heart:—She is loſt—My fatal abſence has undone me.——O! could thy Wilmot have forgot thee, Charlot?

Charlot. Ha! Wilmot! ſay! what do your words import? O gentle ſtranger! eaſe my ſwelling heart that elſe will burſt! canſt thou inform me ought?—What doſt thou know of my Wilmot?

Y. Wilmot. This I know —— When all the winds of heaven ſeem'd to conſpire againſt the ſtormy main, and dreadful peals of rattling thunder deafen'd every ear, and drown'd the affrighted mariners loud cries; while livid light'ning ſpread its ſulphurous flames through all the dark horizon, and diſclos'd the raging ſeas incens'd to his deſtruction; when the good ſhip in which he was embarked, unable longer to ſupport the tempeſt, broke,

and overwhelmed by the impetuous ſurge, ſunk to the cozy bottom of the deep, and left him ſtruggling with the warring waves; in that dread moment, in the jaws of death, when his ſtrength failed, and every hope forſook him, and his laſt breath preſſed towards his trembling lips, the neighbouring rocks that echo'd to his moan, returned no ſound articulate, but Charlot.

Charlot. The fatal tempeſt, whoſe deſcription ſtrikes the hearer with aſtoniſhment, has ceaſed; and Wilmot is at reſt. The fiercer ſtorm of ſwelling paſſions that overwhelms the ſoul, and rages worſe than the mad foaming ſeas in which he periſhed, never ſhall vex him more.

Y. Wilmot. You ſeem to think he is dead; enjoy that thought, perſuade yourſelf that what you wiſh is true, and triumph in your falſhood.——Yes, he is dead; you were his fate. The cruel winds and waves, that caſt him pale and breathleſs on the ſhore, ſpared him for greater woes—To know his Charlot, forgetting all her vows to him and heaven, had caſt him from her thoughts—Then, then he died; but never muſt have reſt: Even now he wanders a ſad, repining, diſcontented ghoſt, the unſubſtantial ſhadow of himſelf, and pours his plaintive groans in thy deaf ears, and ſtalks, unſeen, before thee.

Charlot. It is enough——Deteſted falſhood now has done its worſt. And art thou dead?—and would'ſt thou die, my Wilmot, for one thou thought'ſt unjuſt?—Thou ſoul of truth! Oh! how ſhall I convince thy dear departed ſpirit of the love, the eternal love, and never-failing faith of thy much-injur'd, loſt, deſpairing Charlot!

Y. Wilmot. Be ſtill, my fluttering heart; hope not too ſoon: Perhaps I dream, and this all illuſion.

Charlot. If, as ſome teach, the mind intuitive, free from the narrow bounds and ſlaviſh ties of ſordid earth that circumſcribe its power while it remains below, roving at large, can trace us to our moſt conceal'd retreat, ſee all we act, and read our very thoughts; to thee, O Wilmot! kneeling I appeal, if ever I ſwerv'd in action, word, or thought, from the ſevereſt conſtancy and truth, or ever wiſh'd to taſte a joy on earth that center'd not in thee, ſince laſt we parted, may we never meet again; but thy loud wrongs ſo cloſe the ear of mercy to my cries, that I may never ſee thoſe bright abodes where truth and virtue only have acceſs, and thou inhabiteſt now.

Y. Wilmot. Aſſiſt me, heaven! preſerve my reaſon, memory, and ſenſe, O moderate my fierce tumultuous joys, or their exceſs will drive me to deſtruction —— O Charlot! Charlot! lovely, virtuous maid! can thy firm mind, in ſpite of time and abſence, remain

remain unſhaken, and ſupport its truth; and yet thy frailer memory retain no image, no idea of thy Lover? —Why doſt thou gaze ſo wildly?—Look on me; turn thy dear eyes this way; obſerve me well. Have ſcorching climates, time, and this ſtrange habit, ſo chang'd, and ſo diſguis'd thy faithful Wilmot, that nothing in my voice, my face, or mein, remains to tell my Charlot I am he?

[*After ſhe had viewed him for ſome time, ſhe approached, weeping, and gave him her hand; and then turning towards him, ſunk upon his boſom.*]

Why doſt thou weep? Why doſt thou tremble thus? Why doth thy panting heart and cautious touch ſpeak thee but half convinced? Whence are thy fears? Why art thou ſilent? Canſt thou doubt me ſtill?

Charlot. No, Wilmot! no; I am blind with too much light: Overcome with wonder, and oppreſt with joy, the ſtruggling paſſions barred the doors of ſpeech; but ſpeech enlarg'd, affords me no relief. This vaſt profuſion of extream delight, riſing at once, and burſting from deſpair, defies the aid of words, and mocks deſcription: But for one ſorrow, one ſad ſcene of anguiſh, that checks the ſwelling torrent of my joys, I could not bear the tranſport.

Y. Wilmot. Let me know it: Give me my portion of thy ſorrow, Charlot! let me partake thy grief, or bear it for thee.

Charlot. Alas! my Wilmot! theſe ſad tears are thine; they flow for thy misfortunes. I am pierced with all the agonies of ſtrong compaſſion, with all the bitter anguiſh you muſt feel, when you ſhall hear your parents——

Y. Wilmot. Are no more.

Charlot. You apprehend me wrong.

Y. Wilmot. Perhaps I do: Perhaps you mean to ſay, the greedy grave was ſatisfied with one, and one is left to bleſs my longing eyes——But which, my Charlot? ——And yet forbear to ſpeak, 'till I have thought——

Charlot. Nay, hear me, Wilmot!

Y. Wilmot. I perforce muſt hear thee. For I might think 'till death, and not determine, of two ſo dear, which I could bear to loſe.

Charlot. Afflict yourſelf no more with groundleſs fears; your parents are both living. Their diſtreſs, the poverty to which they are reduced, in ſpite of my weak aid, was what I mourn'd; and that in helpleſs age, to them whoſe youth was crown'd with full proſperity, I fear, is worſe, much worſe, than death.

Y. Wilmot. My joy is compleat! my parents living, and poſ-

ſeſſed

ſeſſed of thee!——From this bleſt hour, the happieſt of my life, I will date my reſt. My anxious hopes and fears, my weary travels, and my dangers paſt, are now rewarded all: Now I rejoice in my ſucceſs, and count my riches gain. For know, my ſoul's beſt treaſure, I have wealth enough to glut even avarice itſelf. No more ſhall cruel want, or proud contempt, oppreſs the ſinking ſpirits, or inſult the hoary heads of thoſe who gave me being.

Charlot. It is now, O riches, I conceive your worth: you are not baſe, nor can you be ſurperfluous, but when miſplac'd in baſe and ſordid hands. Fly, fly, my Wilmot, leave thy happy Charlot! thy filial piety, the ſighs and tears of thy lamenting parents call thee hence.

Y. Wilmot. I have a friend, the partner of my voyage, who, in the ſtorm laſt night, was ſhip-wreck'd with me.

Charlot. Ship-wreck'd laſt night!—O ye immortal powers! what have you ſuffered! how were you preſerved?

Y. Wilmot. Let that, and all my other ſtrange eſcapes and perilous adventures, be the theme of many a happy winter night to come. My preſent purpoſe was to intreat my Angel, to know this friend, this other Wilmot; and do you come with him this evening to my father's: I will ſend him to thee.

Charlot. I conſent with pleaſure.

Y. Wilmot. Heav'ns! what a night!——How ſhall I bear my joy! my parents, your's, my friends, all will be mine, and mine, like water, air, or the free ſun, the undivided portion of you all. If ſuch the early hopes, the vernal bloom, the diſtant proſpect of my future bliſs, then what the ruddy autumn!——What the fruit? The full poſſeſſion of thy heavenly charms.

The tedious, dark, and ſtormy winter o'er,
The hind, that all its pinching hardſhips bore.
With tranſport ſees the weeks appointed bring
The chearful, promis'd, gay, delightful ſpring;
The painted meadows, the harmonious woods,
The gentle zephrys, and unbridled floods;
With all their charms, his raviſh'd thoughts employ,
But the rich harveſt muſt compleat his joy.

RANDAL *in Penryn, who meets young* WILMOT *in the Street, with ſurprize.*

Randal. Poor! poor! and friendleſs! whither ſhall I wander, and to what point direct my views and hopes?——a menial ſervant!—No,—What! ſhall I live, here in this land of freedom, live diſtinguiſhed, and marked the willing ſlave of ſome proud

proud ſubject, and ſwell his uſeleſs train for broken fragments; the cold remains of his ſuperfluous board? —— I would aſpire to ſomething nobler far —— Turn then thy eyes to the prolific ocean, whoſe ſpacious boſom opens to thy view: Where deathleſs honour, and unenvy'd wealth, have often crown'd the brave adventurer's toils. This is the native unconteſted right, the fair inheritance of every Briton that dare put in his claim —— My choice is made: A long farewel to Cornwall, and to England: If I return —— But ſtay, what ſtranger's this in a foreign habit, who, as he views me, ſeems to mend his pace?

Y. Wilmot Randal!—The dear companion of my youth! ſure laviſh fortune means to give me all I could deſire, or aſk for this bleſt day, and leave me nothing to expect hereafter.

Randal. Your pardon, Sir, I know but one on earth could properly ſalute me by the title you are pleaſed to give me, and I cannot think that you are he—That you are Wilmot. ——

Y. Wilmot. Why?

Randal. Becauſe I could not bear the diſappointment, if I ſhould be deceived.

Y. Wilmot. I am pleaſed to hear it: Thy friendly fears better expreſs thy thoughts than words could do.

Randal. O Wilmot! O my maſter! are you return'd?

Y. Wilmot. I have not yet embraced my parents —— I ſhall ſee you at my father's.

Randal. No, I am diſcharged from thence —— O, Sir, ſuch ruin ——

Y. Wilmot. I have heard it all, and haſten to relieve them; ſure heaven hath bleſſed me to that very end; I have wealth enough, nor ſhalt thou want a part.

Randal. I have a part already —— I am bleſt in your ſucceſs, and ſhare in all your joys.

Y. Wilmot. I doubt it not —— But tell me, doſt thou think, my parents, not ſuſpecting my return, that I may viſit them, and not be known?

Randal. It is hard for me to judge. You are already grown ſo familiar to me, that I wonder I knew you not at firſt; yet, it may be, for you are much alter'd, and they think you dead.

Y. Wilmot. This is certain; Charlot beheld me long, and heard my loud reproaches and complaints, without remembering ſhe had ever ſeen me. My mind at eaſe grows wanton: I would fain refine on happineſs. Why may I not indulge my curioſity, and try if it be poſſible, by ſeeing firſt my parents as a ſtranger, to improve their pleaſure by ſurprize?

Randal. It may indeed inhance your own, to ſee from what

deſpair

deſpair your timely coming, and unhop'd ſucceſs have given you power to raiſe them.

Y. Wilmot. I remember, ever ſince we learned together, you excelled in writing fairly, and could imitate whatever hand you ſaw, with great exactneſs. Of this I am not ſo abſolute a maſter, I therefore beg you will write in Charlot's name and character, a letter to my father; and recommend me, as a friend of her's, to his acquaintance.

Randal. Sir, if you deſire it——And yet—

Y. Wilmot. Nay, no objection—It will ſave time, moſt precious with me now. For the deception, if doing what my Charlot will approve, a cauſe done for me, and with a good intent, deſerves the name, I will anſwer it myſelf. If this ſucceeds, I purpoſe to defer diſcovering who I am 'till Charlot comes, and thou, and all who love me, every friend who witneſſes my happineſs to night, will, by partaking, multiply my joys.

Randal. You grow luxurious in your mental pleaſures; could I deny you aught, I would not write this letter. To ſay true, I ever thought your boundleſs curioſity a weakneſs.

Y. Wilmot. What canſt thou blame in this?

Randal Your pardon, Sir, I only ſpeak in general: I am ready to obey your orders.

Y. Wilmot. I am much thy debtor, but I ſhall find a time to recompence thy kindneſs. O, Randal! but imagine to thyſelf, the floods of tranſport, the ſincere delight that all my friends will feel, when I diſcloſe to my aſtoniſh'd parents my return; and then confeſs, that I have well contriv'd by giving others joy to exalt my own.

As pain and anguiſh, in a gen'rous mind,
While kept conceal'd, and to ourſelves confin'd,
Want half their force; ſo pleaſure, when it flows
In torrents round us, more extatic grows.

Old WILMOT *and his* LADY *expoſtulating together.*

Old Wilmot. Here, take this Seneca, this haughty pedant, who governing the maſter of mankind, and awing power imperial, prates of—patience; and praiſes poverty———poſſeſſed of millions: —— Sell him, and buy us bread. The ſcantieſt meal the vileſt copy of his book ever purchaſed, will give us more relief in this diſtreſs, than all his boaſted precepts.——— Nay, no tears; keep them to move compaſſion when you beg.

L. Wilmot. My heart may break, but never ſtoop to that.

Old Wilmot. Nor would I live to ſee it——But diſpatch.——

Where

Where muſt I charge this length of miſery, that gathers force each moment as it rolls, and muſt at laſt overwhelm me, but on hope, vain, flattering, deluſive, groundleſs hope; a ſenſeleſs expectation of relief, that has for years deceived me?—— Had I thought as I do now, as wiſe men ever think, when firſt this hell of poverty overtook me, that power to die implies a right to do it, and ſhould be uſed when life becomes a pain, what plagues had I prevented?——True, my wife is ſtill a ſlave to prejudice and fear——I would not leave my better part, the dear faithful companion of my happier days, to bear the weight of age and want alone.

Lady WILMOT *returns, and young* WILMOT *follows her, in his Indian habit, a Dagger by his ſide, and a Saſh on.*

Old Wilmot. Return'd, my life, ſo ſoon.——

L. Wilmot. The unexpected coming of this ſtranger prevents my going yet.

Y. Wilmot. You are, I preſume, the gentleman to whom this is directed. *(Gives a letter.)*——What wild neglect, the token of deſpair; what indigence, what miſery appears in each diſorder'd, or diſfurniſh'd room of this once gorgeous hall? What diſcontent, what anguiſh and confuſion fills the faces of its dejected owners? *(Aſide.*

Old WILMOT *opens the letter, which was follows:*

GOOD SIR,

" THE unhappy bearer of this letter, is one of the Gen-
" tlemen that was ſo unfortunately ſhipwreck'd in the
" ſtorm laſt night off Falmouth harbour; and, as he is a valu'd
" friend, (though an object of diſtreſs) pray be ſo kind as to
" receive him under your protection, 'till ſuch time I can em-
" brace the opportunity of paying my beſt reſpects to you in
" perſon, which I propoſe doing this evening.

Your's, &c. with all due Reſpect,

Penryn, Tueſday Afternoon. C. BORLAISE."

Old Wilmot. Sir, ſuch welcome as this poor houſe affords, you may command. Our ever friendly neighbour—— Once we hoped to have called fair Charlot by a dearer name——But we have done with hope—We had once a Son. *(weeps.)* Pray excuſe this incoherence——

L. Wilmot. That you are come from that dear virtuous maid, revives in us the memory of a loſs, which, though long ſince, we have not learned to bear.

Y. Wilmot. The joy to ſee them, and the bitter pain it is to ſee them thus, touches my ſoul with tenderneſs and grief, that will overflow. My boſom heaves and ſwells, as if it would burſt;——They know me not, and yet, I fear I ſhall defeat my purpoſe, and betray myſelf. *(Aſide.*

Old Wilmot. The lady calls you here her valu'd friend; it is well, though nothing more ſhould be employed, to recommend you to our beſt eſteem — A worthleſs acquiſition! — May ſhe find ſome means that better may expreſs her kindneſs; but ſhe, perhaps, hath purpos'd to inrich you with herſelf, and end her fruitleſs ſorrow for one whom death alone, can juſtify for leaving her ſo long. If it be ſo, may you repair his loſs, and be to Charlot a ſecond, happier Wilmot. Partial nature, who only favours youth, as feeble age were not her offspring, or below her care, has ſeal'd our doom: No ſecond hope ſhall ſpring to dry our tears and diſſipate deſpair.

L. Wilmot. The laſt and moſt abandoned of our kind. By heaven and earth neglected or deſpis'd. The loathſome grave that robbed us of our Son, and all our joys in him, muſt be our refuge.

Y. Wilmot. Let ghoſts unpardoned or devoted fiends, fear without hope, and wail in ſuch ſad ſtrains; but grace defend the living from deſpair. The darkeſt hours precede the riſing ſun; and mercy may appear, when leaſt expected.

Old Wilmot. This I have heard a thouſand times repeated, and have, believing, been as oft deceived.

Y. Wilmot. Behold in me an inſtance of its truth. —— At ſea twice ſhipwreck'd, and as oft the prey of lawleſs pirates; by the Arabs thrice ſurprized, and robb'd on ſhore; and once reduced to worſe than theſe, the ſum of all diſtreſs that the moſt wretched feel on this ſide the grave, even ſlavery itſelf; yet here I ſtand, (except one trouble that will quickly end) the happieſt of mankind.

Old Wilmot. A rare example of the caprice of fortune! of fortune's caprice; apter to ſurprize or entertain, than comfort or inſtruct. If you would reaſon from events, be juſt, and count, when you eſcap'd, how many periſhed, and draw your inference thence.

L. Wilmot. Alas! who knows, but we were rendered childleſs by ſome ſtorm, in which you, though preſerved, might bear a part.

Y. Wilmot. (Aſide.) How has my curioſity betray'd me into ſuperfluous pain! I faint with fondneſs; and ſhall, if I ſtay longer, ruſh upon them, proclaim myſelf their Son, kiſs and embrace

brace them, until their ſouls, tranſported with the exceſs of pleaſure and ſurprize, quit their frail manſions, and leave them breathleſs in my longing arms. By circumſtances then and ſlow degrees, they muſt be let into happineſs, too great for them to bear at once, and live: That Charlot will perform: I need not feign to aſk an hour for reſt.——Sir, I intreat the favour to retire, where, for a while, I may repoſe myſelf. You will excuſe this freedom, and the trouble which I give: It is long ſince I have ſlept, and nature calls.

Old Wilmot. I pray no more apologies: Believe, we are only troubled, that you ſhould think any excuſe were needful.

Y. Wilmot. The weight of this is ſome incumbrance to me, *(Takes a Caſket out of his boſom, and gives it to his mother.)* and its contents of value: If you pleaſe to take the charge of it 'till I awake, I ſhall not reſt the worſe. If I ſhould ſleep 'till I am aſk'd for, as perhaps I may, I beg that you would wake me.

L. Wilmot. Doubt it not: Diſtracted as I am with various woes, I ſhall remember that.

Y. Wilmot. Mercileſs grief! what ravage has it made; how has it chang'd her lovely form and mind; I feel her anguiſh, and dread I know not what from her deſpair. My father too—O grant them patience, heaven! a little longer, a few ſhort hours more, and all their cares, and mine, ſhall end for ever.

How near is miſery and joy ally'd!
Nor eye, nor thought, can their extreams divide:
A moment's ſpace is long, and light'ning ſlow,
To fate deſcending to reverſe our woe,
Or blaſt our hopes, and all our joys o'erthrow.

Lady WILMOT *in her own Apartment alone, with the Caſket in her hand.*

Who ſhould this ſtranger be?—and then this Caſket—He ſays it is of value, and yet truſts it, as if a trifle, to a ſtranger's hand—His confidence amazes me — Perhaps it is not what he ſays — I am ſtrongly tempted to examine its contents——No, let it reſt. Why ſhould my curioſity excite me, to ſearch and pry into the affairs of others; who have to employ my thoughts, ſo many cares and ſorrows of my own?—With how much eaſe the ſpring gives way?—Surprizing! moſt prodigious! my eyes are dazzled, and my raviſh'd heart leaps at the glorious ſight—How bright's the luſtre, how immenſe the worth of theſe fair Jewels? Ay, ſuch a treaſure would expel for ever baſe poverty, and all its abject train; the mean devices we are reduced to uſe to keep out famine,

mine, and preſerve our lives from day to day; the cold neglect of friends; the galling ſcorn, or more provoking pity of an inſulting world. Poſſeſs'd of theſe, plenty, content, and power might take their turn, and lofty pride bare its aſpiring head at our approach, and once more bend before us. —— A pleaſing dream! — It is paſt; and now I awake more wretched by the happineſs I have loſt. But wherefore loſt? For ſure it was a happineſs to think, tho' but a moment, ſuch a treaſure mine. Nay, it was more than thought—I ſaw and touch'd the bright temptation, and I ſee it yet——It is here——it is mine—I have it in poſſeſſion —— Muſt I reſign it? Muſt I give it back? Am I in love with miſery and want? —To rob myſelf, and court ſo vaſt a loſs? — Retain it then——But how? —There is a way—— Why ſinks my heart? Why does my blood run cold? Why am I thrill'd with horror? —It is not choice, but dire neceſſity ſuggeſts the thought.

Old Wilmot. The mind contented, with how little pains the wandering ſenſes yield to ſoft repoſe, and die to gain new life? He is fall'n aſleep already——Happy man!——What doſt thou think, my Agnes, of our unexpected gueſt? He ſeems to me a youth of great humanity: Juſt ere he cloſed his eyes, that ſwam in tears, he wrung my hand, and preſſed it to his lips; and with a look, that pierc'd me to the ſoul, begged me to comfort thee: And—Doſt thou hear me? What art thou gazing on?——Fie, it is not well——That Caſket was delivered to you clos'd: Why have you open'd it? Should this be known, how mean muſt we appear?

L. Wilmot. And who ſhall know it?

Old Wilmot. There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity due to ourſelves; which, 'ſpite of our misfortunes, may be maintained, and cheriſh'd to the laſt. To live without reproach, and without leave to quit the world, ſhews ſovereign contempt, and noble ſcorn of its relentleſs malice.

L. Wilmot. Shews ſovereign madneſs, and a ſcorn of ſenſe. Purſue no farther this deteſted theme: I will not die, I will not leave the world for all that you can urge, until compell'd.

Old Wilmot. How vain the anxiety for fleeting life, when the laſt means for its ſupport are gone? Were famine not as mortal as the ſword, this warmth might be excus'd —— But take thy choice: Die how you will, you ſhall not die alone.

L. Wilmot. Nor live, I hope.

Old. Wilmot. There is no fear of that.

L. Wilmot. Then we will both live.

Old Wilmot. Where are the means? Strange folly——

L. Wil-

L. Wilmot. The means are here——Theſe Jewels——

Old Wilmot. Ha! —— Take heed: Perhaps thou doſt but try me —— yet take heed —— There is nought ſo monſtrous, but the mind of man in ſome conditions may be brought to approve; theft, ſacrilege, treaſon, and parricide, when deſperation drove, have been committed by thoſe who once would ſtart to hear them nam'd.

L. Wilmot. And add to theſe deteſted ſuicide, which, by a crime much leſs, we may avoid.

Old Wilmot. What crime? —— The inhoſpitable murder of our gueſt! how could'ſt thou form a thought ſo very dreadful, ſo cruel, bloody, and ſo full of horror?

L. Wilmot. It is leſs impiety, leſs againſt nature, to take another's life, than end our own.

Old Wilmot. It is no matter, whether this or that be, in itſelf, the leſs or greater crime: They both are crimes, let neither be committed ——What art thou, Agnes? When in an hour of trial and ſufferance, reaſon, the nobleſt power, is thus ſuborned to plead the cauſe of murder.

L. Wilmot. You are too ſevere: Reaſon may juſtly plead for her own preſervation: And theſe means are given us to preſerve our wretched beings. His death alone gives us the means to live.

Old Wilmot. Urge me no more.——I fear thy powerful influence.—But do not tempt me farther.—Ceaſe thee, Agnes.—It is moſt true I cannot die without thee; and, if we live, ſharp penury and want will make life miſerable.—What is to be done?

L. Wilmot. Nothing remains but the ſwift execution of a deed that is not to be thought on, or delayed.

Old Wilmot. O Agnes! Agnes! thou haſt raiſed a tottering conflict in my mind: I am betray'd within! my reſolution fails—My will's ſubdued, and my whole ſoul's infected. — O thou unhappy youth! ſay, what could move thee, to put thy life and fortune in the hands of wretches mad with anguiſh!

L. Wilmot. By what means? By ſtabbing? ſuffocation? or by ſtrangling? ſhall we effect his death?

Old Wilmot. I cannot! will not do it!—O thou fiend! how cruel, how remorſeleſs and impatient have pride and poverty made thee?

L. Wilmot. Barbarous man! whoſe waſteful riots ruin'd our eſtate, and drove our Son, ere the firſt dawn overſpread his roſy cheeks, ſpite of my ſad preſages, earneſt intreaties, agonies and tears, to ſeek his bread among ſtrangers, and to periſh in ſome remote, inhoſpitable land——The loveliеſt youth in perſon and in mind, that ever crown'd a groaning mother's pains! where

was

was thy pity, where thy patience then? Thou cruel huſband! thou unnatural father! thou moſt remorſeleſs, moſt ungrateful man, to waſte my fortune, rob me of my Son; to drive me to deſpair, and then reproach me for being what thou haſt made me.

Old Wilmot. Dry thy tears: I ought not to reproach thee. I confeſs that thou haſt ſuffered much: —— So have we both. But chide no more. Thy ſharp reproaches wring me to the ſoul. Witneſs the pangs I feel, witneſs the bitter anguiſh of my heart, thy ſufferings are more grievous than my own. Then chide not, Agnes —I am wrought up to thy purpoſe. I will do this deed of death—this deed of murder—Though my heart ſhudders—Though each trembling nerve ſtiffens with horror—The poor, ill-fated victim, ere he reclin'd upon the fatal couch, took off the Sath and coſtly Dagger which thou ſaw'ſt him wear, and thus, unthinking, furniſhed us with arms againſt himſelf. —— Which ſhall I uſe?

L. Wilmot. The Saſh. If you uſe that, I can aſſiſt.

Old Wilmot. No, it is a dreadful office, and I will ſpare thy trembling hands the guilt———ſteal to the door, and bring me word if he be ſtill aſleep. *(Lady* Wilmot *goes out.)* I am deceived, or he pronounc'd himſelf the happieſt of mankind. Unhappy wretch! thy thoughts are periſhing, thy youthful joys, touch'd by the icy hand of griſly death, are withering in their bloom—But thought extinguiſh'd, he will never know the loſs, nor feel the bitter pangs of diſappointment —— Then I was wrong in counting him a wretch: To die well pleaſed, is all the happieſt of mankind can hope for. Why do I mourn him thus? To be a wretch, is to ſurvive the loſs of every joy, and even hope itſelf, as I have done —— Why do I pity him then? For, by the anguiſh that now wrings my ſoul, he is to be envy'd, if compar'd with me. *(Lady* Wilmot *returns with young* Wilmot's *Dagger in her hand.)*

L. Wilmot. The ſtranger ſleeps at preſent; but ſo reſtleſs his ſlumbers ſeem, they cannot continue long. ——— Come, come, diſpatch——Here, I have ſecured his dagger.

Old Wilmot. O Agnes! Agnes! if there be a hell, it is juſt we ſhould expect it. *(Goes to take the Dagger, but let's it fall.)*

L. Wilmot. Nay, for ſhame, ſhake off this panic, and be more yourſelf.

Old Wilmot. How ſay ye —— What's to be done ——What would you have me do?

L. Wilmot. You are quite diſmay'd. I will do the deed myſelf. *(Takes up the Dagger.)*

Old

Old Wilmot. Give me the fatal ſteel. It is but a ſingle murder, neceſſity, impatience, and deſpair, the three wide mouths of that true Cerberus, grim poverty, demands —They ſhall be ſtopp'd. Ambition, perſecution, and revenge, devour their millions daily: And ſhall I ——— But follow me, and ſee how little cauſe you had to think there was the leaſt remains of manhood, pity, mercy or remorſe left in this ſavage breaſt. *(Goes the wrong way.)*

L. Wilmot. Where do you go? the ſtreet is that way.

Old Wilmot. True, I had forgot.

L. Wilmot. Quite, quite confounded.

Old Wilmot. Well, I am recover'd——This is the way. *(Old* Wilmot *goes to commit the murder.)*

L. Wilmot. O ſoftly! ſoftly! the leaſt noiſe undoes us.—— Still I fear him:——No, now he ſeems determin'd——O! that pauſe, that cowardly pauſe! —— His reſolution fails ——'Tis wiſely done to lift your eyes to heaven; when did you pray before? I have no patience —— How he ſurveys him? What a look was there? How full of anguiſh, pity and remorſe——Ha! ——He will never do it——Strike, or give it over——No, he recovers —— But that trembling arm may miſs its aim; and if it fails we are loſt——Ha! it is done——O! no; he lives, he ſtruggles yet.

Y. Wilmot crys out. Oh heav'ns! oh mercy! mercy!

L. Wilmot. Quick, repeat the blow. What power ſhall I invoke to aid thee, Wilmot! ha! no——Yet hold thy hand—— Inconſtant, wretched woman! my heart recoils, and I now bleed with him, whoſe murder I contriv'd—O huſband! huſband!

CHARLOT, MARIA, EUSTACE, *and* RANDAL, *come to Old* WILMOT'*s Houſe.*

Charlot. What ſtrange neglect; the doors are all unbarr'd, and not a living creature to be ſeen. *(Old* Wilmot *and his Lady, after the murder, return to their Apartment; Old* Wilmot *with a bloody Dagger in his Hand.)* Sir, we are come to give and receive a thouſand greetings——Where is my Wilmot? Ha! what can this mean? ——Why do you look with ſuch amazement on us? ——Are theſe your tranſports for your Son's return? Where is my Wilmot? Has he not been here? ——Would he defer your happineſs ſo long, or could a habit ſo diſguiſe your Son, that you refuſed to own him?

L. Wilmot. Heard you that? What prodigy of horror is diſcloſing, to render murder venial.

Y. Wilmot. (Groans within.) Oh! oh! oh!

Euſtace. Sure that deep groan came from the inner room.

Randal.

Randal. It did; and ſeem'd the voice of one expiring: Merciful heaven! where will theſe terrors end? That's the Dagger my young maſter wore; and ſee, his Father's hands are ſtain'd with blood. *(Young* Wilmot *groans again.)*

Euſtace. Another groan! why do we ſtand to gaze on theſe dumb phantoms of deſpair and horror? Let us ſearch farther: Randal ſhew the way.

Charlot. This is the third time thoſe fantaſtic forms have forc'd themſelves upon my mental eyes, and ſleeping gave me more than waking pains. O ye eternal powers! if all your mercy to wretched mortals be not quite extinguiſhed, and terrors only guard your awful thrones, remove this dreadful viſion——Let me awake, or ſleep the ſleep of death.

Old Wilmot. Sleep thoſe who may; I know my lot is endleſs perturbation.

L. Wilmot. Let life forſake the earth, and light the ſun, and death and darkneſs bury in oblivion mankind and all their deeds, that no poſterity may ever riſe to hear our horrid tale, or view the grave of ſuch deteſted parricides.

Old Wilmot. Curſes and deprecations are in vain: The ſun will ſhine, and all things have their courſe. When we, the curſe and burthen of the earth, ſhall be abſorb'd and mingled with its duſt. Our guilt and deſolution muſt be told, from age to age, to teach deſponding mortals, how far beyond the reach of human thought, heaven, when incens'd, can puniſh——Take this. *(Gives her a Dagger.)* I need not bid thee uſe it now. Death now has loſt its terror.

L. Wilmot. Ever kind, but moſt in this —— *(Stabs herſelf.)*

Old Wilmot. I will not long ſurvive thee.

L. Wilmot. Do not accuſe thy erring mother, Wilmot, with too much rigour when we meet above. Rivers of tears, and ages ſpent in howling, could not expreſs the anguiſh of my heart. To give thee life for life, and blood for blood, is not enough. Had I ten thouſand lives, I would give them all to ſpeak my penitence—deep—and ſincere—and equal to my crime. *(Dies.*

CHARLOT *led into the Room by her Maid.*

Charlot. Welcome deſpair! I will never hope again — Why have you forc'd me from my Wilmot's arms? Let me return — Unhand me——Let me die by my dear dear Wilmot's ſide. — Patience, that till this moment ne'er forſook me, has took her flight; and my abandon'd mind, rebellious to a lot ſo void of mercy, and ſo unexpected, rages to madneſs.——O thou! who know'ſt our frame, who know'ſt theſe woes, are more than human

man fortitude can bear. O! take me, take me hence, ere I relapſe; and in diſtraction, with unhallow'd tongue, again arraign your mercy.——

Euſtace. Unhappy maid! This ſtrange event my ſtrength can ſcarce ſupport; no wonder thine ſhould fail.——— How ſhall I vent my grief? O Wilmot! Wilmot! Thou trueſt lover, and thou beſt of friends, are theſe the fruits of all thy anxious cares for thy ungrateful parents? — Cruel fiends, to uſe thee thus — To recompence with death thy moſt unequal'd duty and affection.

Old Wilmot. What whining fool art thou, who would'ſt uſurp my ſovereign right of grief?—Was he thy ſon?——Say, can'ſt thou ſhew thy hands reeking with blood, that flow'd through purer channels, from thy loins?

Euſtace. Forbid it heaven! that I ſhould know ſuch guilt; yet his ſad fate demands commiſeration.

Old Wilmot. Compute the ſands that bound the ſpacious ocean, and ſwell their number with a ſingle grain; increaſe the noiſe of thunder with thy voice; or when raging wind lays nature waſte, aſſiſt the tempeſt with thy feeble breath; add water to the ſea, and fire to Ætna; but name not thy faint ſorrow with the anguiſh of a curs'd wretch who only hopes for this *(Stabbing himſelf.)* to change the ſcene, but not relieve his pangs.

Randal. A dreadful inſtance of the laſt remorſe; may all your woes end here.

Old Wilmot. O wou'd they end a thouſand ages hence, I then ſhould ſuffer much leſs than I deſerve. Yet, let me ſay, you'll do me juſtice, to inform the world, this horrid deed, that puniſhes itſelf, was not intended, as he was our Son; for that we knew not, 'till it was too late. Proud and impatient under our afflictions, while heaven was labouring to make us happy, we brought this dreadful ruin on ourſelves. Mankind may learn—but——oh! *(Dies.*

CHARLOT *returns with* MARIA, *in a great rage, tearing her Hair, with Agonies of Death ſtrongly on her.*

Charlot. Where is my dear Wilmot? Why do you keep him from me? Muſt I be wretched for ever? Hark! I hear him groan! he calls me to him to take a laſt farewel.

Maria. Be patient, dear madam.

Charlot. Talks thou to me of patience; I am wretched, and will not live without my Wilmot: One grave ſhall hold us both. What's here——a dagger? That fatal dagger that robb'd me of my love, and thus it ends a wretched life. *(Stabs herſelf.)*

RANDAL.

Let us at leaſt be wiſer, nor complain
Of heaven's myſterious ways, and awful reign:
By our bold cenſures we invade the throne
Who made mankind, and governs but his own:
Tho' youthful WILMOT'*s ſun be ſet ere noon,*
The ripe in virtue, never die too ſoon.

THE YOUNG LADY'S PRECEPTOR;

OR,

LETTERS to a young Lady of Diſtinction upon Politeneſs, &c.

Of POLITENESS *in General.*

POliteneſs, Madam, is an Accompliſhment of ſo ſingular a Nature, that the leſs People have it, the more they generally think they have it. Every one judges of it agreeable to his own Fancy, Taſte, and Diſpoſition: Some from Caprice, and the wild Conceits of a vitiated Imagination; others from Reaſon, and the Dictates of a happy Genius refined by a good Education. The Ladies are always ready to determine upon the Point; and who dare appeal from their Tribunal?

What has hitherto appeared in public upon this Subject are either Precepts too general, which afford not ſufficient Inſtruction, or Trifles too minute, and too well known to have any Regard paid them. It muſt be allow'd that there are many fix'd and unalterable Rules for our Conduct in Life, but then there are many likewiſe which are arbitrary, and which vary with Place, Time, Circumſtance and Perſon.

Two celebrated *Italian* Authors have profeſſedly treated of Politeneſs, *La Caſa* in his *Galatea*, and *Caſtiglione* in his *Courtier*; but theirs are rather Diſcourſes upon the impertinent Ceremonies cuſtomary in *Italy*, and Collections of general Precepts with regard to mere Civility and Complaiſance, than Treatiſes properly

properly conducting to this Accompliſhment, and give me leave to ſay, Madam, that, in our Country, to be too much poliſhed in thoſe Reſpects is to be greatly unpolite.

You will in this Epiſtolary Addreſs, Madam, find a Variety of Maxims, with regard to all the *Devoirs* of one of your Sex and Situation in Life: Maxims of Practice drawn from many inconteſtible Truths, which are the very Baſis of the Philoſophy of Manners.

I ſhall not endeavour to recommend myſelf to your Approbation by either a laboured Stile or a Novelty of Sentiment, which would be uſeleſs, and indeed ridiculous, where the Buſineſs is to inſtruct: A witty Moraliſt is ſeldom a Man of good Senſe: Neither do I preſume to lay theſe Papers before you as containing Maxims which you yourſelf have the leaſt Occaſion for, or in order to alter any Thing in your Conduct: No, fair Lady, I only preſent you with a Portrait, whereof you'll readily diſcover every Feature to be your own. I can ſcarce determine, therefore, to which of us Two theſe Rules and Precepts will be moſt indebted for the good Reception they may meet with; You for having practiſed them, or I for having made an Aſſemblage of them for the Benefit of others leſs enlightened and leſs happy than yourſelf.

It is not enough, Madam, that your Virtue, joined with the Innocence of a tender Age, ſecures you againſt every Thing that could in the leaſt ſeduce you from Duty; you muſt likewiſe guard againſt the Malice of an Age which is ſkilled in ſtaining what is pure and amiable in the moſt refined and irreproachable Conduct, and miſconſtruing your very Virtues into Vice. You know very well how to do the Good, but it is not leſs neceſſary to know how to defend yourſelf againſt the Evil; for no one can be truly Happy without being acquainted with both.

Although moſt of the following Inſtructions may ſerve in common for Perſons of all Degrees in Life, yet I confine myſelf principally to the more univerſal and common Duties and Devoirs of Life; and if this Path of Mediocrity ſeems ſometimes too narrow for me, and I bound beyond it, it is in order, Madam, to follow you, and to endeavour attaining to that Degree of Perfection at which you have already arrived.

What is the real Cauſe that we frequently find ſo little true Education in young Ladies of Great Families I dare not poſitively affirm, but ſhould be apt to conjecture that the Misfortune ſprings either from their Mamma's being too much enamoured with the World, and deſirous to appear young as long as poſſible, and therefore giving themſelves no farther Concern

about their Daughters Education than barely keeping them at a Diſtance, as diſagreeable Witneſſes of their own Age; or elſe from their not caring to lie under that Reſtraint in their own Conduct, which is neceſſary towards ſetting a proper Example to their Children.

Your Stars, Madam, are more propitious; many, who obſerve you, are in the higheſt Admiration at the refined Manners, and polite Addreſs which you are Miſtreſs of ſo much above one of your Years, and for which you are indebted to the beſt of Mothers, who has taken great Pains both to cultivate your natural Talents, and to ſupply you with good Principles. For this Parental Goodneſs and Care you have generouſly paid a graceful and exemplary Return, by making ſuch uſeful Remarks and ſeaſonable Reflexions upon the Maxims and Inſtructions laid before you, as thereby to acquire a juſt Diſcernment in Things, and preſerve a regular as well as elegant Conduct.

Though Virtue and Merit are not always in the Retinue of the Great, yet a Delicacy of Behaviour and Purity of Manners generally dwell more with them, than with thoſe in a lower Station of Life, and therefore from ſuch we ought to take our Models for Imitation; but then remember, that theſe are a Kind of Diamonds which muſt be often ſearched for amongſt Glaſs; you know what I mean by this Expreſſion, becauſe you know that the Pomps and Gaieties of Life often prove Obſtacles to the Duties of it, and we may ſay of True Politeneſs, that,

Though ſought by All, *to* few *the Gem is known*;
Moſt for the Brilliant, *wear the* Briſtol Stone.

Of the DUTIES *and* DECORUMS *of Civil Life.*

NOW, Madam, I ſhall begin to enter upon a Detail of the Duties and Decorums of Life, which is indeed inexhauſtible, as the different Occaſions for your acquitting yourſelf well in thoſe Reſpects are infinite. There are Rules for all our Actions, even down to *Sleeping with a good Grace.* Life is a continual Series of Operations, both of Body and Mind, which ought to be regulated and performed with the utmoſt Care, and of which the Succeſs frequently depends upon thoſe with whom we live and converſe, who are too apt to put a good or bad Conſtruction upon them, agreeable to their own Way of Thinking, or to the Diſpoſition of Affection they have towards us. You ought always to conſider the Sex, Age, and Quality of all with whom you converſe, in order to behave towards every one in a Manner

Manner moſt ſuitable to their reſpective Situation. To your Superiors you owe Submiſſion and Reſpect; to your Inferiors, Affability, Bounty and Compaſſion; to your Equals, you are indebted Complaiſance and Civility; and a good Example to all.

Of CONVERSATION *in* GENERAL.

BEFORE ever you ſpeak upon any Topic, eſpecially when in Company with thoſe you deem your Superiors, carefully examine what you are going to ſay; we are often drove to Repentance for having uttered a ſilly Thing, merely becauſe we won't give ourſelves Time to prepare and rectify our Thoughts before we let them eſcape our Lips. Speak but ſeldom, except when previouſly applied to, unleſs you have any Thing to produce which you are ſure will give Pleaſure, or which is neceſſary for the Company to be made acquainted with, and then propoſe it with Deference and Deliberation. If you undertake a Story at any Time, which to execute well, (by the by) is extremely difficult, it requiring a peculiar Genius and Turn to excel in this Talent of Converſation, don't run it out into a faſtidious Length, or enumerate every tedious and frivolous Circumſtance; and ſhould it happen to be of a humorous and diverting Caſt, don't be the firſt to laugh at it yourſelf. This is a Behaviour too unguarded and indelicate, and betrays a Want of Judgment, as well as good Education. Endeavour always to be acquainted with what are look'd on as the upper Places, that you may not either at Church, Table, or elſewhere, inadvertently fill them; conſidering that in Things of that Nature you ought to ſtudy other People's Conveniency before your own.

Wherever you are, imagine that you are obſerved, and that your Behaviour is attentively ſcanned by the reſt of the Company all the while, and this will oblige you to obſerve yourſelf, and to be conſtantly on your Guard. Converſation is not only the Cement and Soul of Society, but it is likewiſe the Touchſtone of Merit, Wit, and Judgment: Talk little, but never appear ſpeechleſs and diſconcerted, like your young Creatures juſt come to Town from a Country Boarding-School, who reſemble Birds got looſe from a Cage, that know not where they are, or how to diſpoſe of themſelves.

Of APPEARING ABSENT *in* COMPANY.

YOUR Mind ſhould never be abſent in Company, eſpecially when you are among People of Rank and Diſtinction, but apply yourſelf entirely to what they are ſaying or doing,

doing, in order to ſpeak or anſwer properly, and to let them ſee that you are not inſenſible of the Honour they do you in admitting you to their Converſation; avoiding at the ſame Time the leaſt Appearance of being tired, uneaſy, or impatient in their Company.

Of CONTRADICTION.

ALWAYS preſerve your Breaſt free from Prejudice, and open to Conviction upon reaſonable Proof. The Spirit of Contradiction renders every one extremely diſagreeable in Company, but more eſpecially thoſe of the Fair Sex. This vain Conceit of their own Opinion diſcovers them to have more Preſumption than Prudence, and to be rather poſitive than polite; notwithſtanding which, it is in high Practice in the World at preſent, and frequently diſcernible even amongſt thoſe who ſet up for Patterns of Politeneſs, and is therefore more vigilantly to be guarded againſt.

Of CALUMNY *and* DETRACTION.

THE Converſation of the World, and eſpecially that of the *Beau Monde*, runs too often upon Calumny and Detraction, endeavour always to ſhew, by your Silence, that you are not pleaſed with the Subject, or elſe generouſly undertake the Defence of the Abſent, and at the leaſt ſay, that you don't queſtion but were they preſent they would be able to vindicate themſelves. Avoid, however, upon any ſuch Occaſion diſcovering the leaſt Emotion in your Countenance, or Eagerneſs in your Expreſſions, and behave with ſuch an Air of Freedom and Tranquillity, as may manifeſt that you are far from being prejudiced in the Caſe, but that Juſtice and Good-nature are the ſole Motives of what you ſay.

Of PREJUDICE.

THERE is another Foible too prevalent in many of your Sex, which is that of being eager and warm about Things which generally ought to be indifferent to you. A Diſpute has aroſe, perhaps, between two of your Acquaintance, who are neither your Relations nor particular Friends; upon this you ſtrike in with the firſt that endeavours to engage you, however ſlight

ſlight Reaſon you may have for ſo doing, without giving yourſelf Time to examine into the Merits of the Conteſt, or the Juſtice of ſuch a Prepoſſeſſion. Once you have declared yourſelf, the moſt weighty Reaſons on the one Side ſhall be ſuſpected, at the ſame Time that you juſtify the culpable Proceeding of the other; your too ſanguine Paſſion determines inſtantly upon the Affair, and the Misfortune is, that by going ſo far you don't even leave it in your Power to return. Prepoſſeſſions of this Nature betray a great deal of Levity, and too little Equity in the Diſpoſition; and are likewiſe frequently the Cauſe of unhappy Diſſentions in Families. Remember therefore, young Lady, to be always reſerved at ſuch Conjunctures, or if you can't avoid being concerned in them, ſuſpend your Judgment however, and, inſtead of being warm and eager in the Affair, endeavour to gain each Party over to Reaſon; and accompliſh, by that Means, an Accommodation between them: A Conduct by far more honourable and meritorious than that which I have been inveighing againſt. The Mediation I here mention ſeems not, indeed, to be the Province of one ſo young, Madam, as you are; but you have already given ſuch ſtrong Proof of your good Underſtanding upon many Occaſions, that there are none of your Friends but would readily commit their Cauſe to your Judgment and Deciſion.

Of being too INQUISITIVE.

WHAT I have ſaid of the Neceſſity of procuring an Inſight into Things, in order to the Attainment of good Senſe, and the due Formation of the Judgment, there are Occaſions, however, when one ſhould beware of too much Curioſity, leſt we either ſhould prejudice our own Intereſt, or offend others by indulging it. I have known People warmly repent their having penetrated into an Affair or Intrigue, whereby they had ſuffered no ſmall Detriment, by going a little farther than they ſhould have done. The Ladies, who have a much more lively Curioſity than us Men, generally puſh this Buſineſs to an Extremity, being charmed at getting acquainted with their Neighbours Foibles, without reflecting that they have greater of their own to correct. Nothing is more cuſtomary in the Commerce of the World, than the Wrongs of this Nature which we practiſe towards each other: If this ſame Curioſity makes you inquiſitive to know the Cauſe of People's proceeding thus, I'll tell you, Madam: There is a Kind of Habit and Correſpondence between our Reaſon and our own Faults, ſo that they ſubſiſt

ſiſt together, without making War with each other; but when the Errors of our Neighbour come in Queſtion, our whole Reaſon is preſently up in Arms againſt them, examines them with the utmoſt Severity, purſues them indefatigably, and condemns them without Mercy. Let me diſſuade you then from being inquiſitive into Things which there is no Occaſion you ſhould be acquainted with; for too much Curioſity always leads to Indiſcretion, which is the moſt unfortunate of all Errors. When any one is reading a Letter near you, carefully ſhun caſting an Eye upon it; or if alone in the Cloſet or Apartment of a Friend, never attempt to look into any Papers that may lie on the Table, but keep your Eyes, as you would your Hands, from pilfering any Thing there.

Of WHISPERING *and* LAUGHING *in Company.*

TO ſet up a Laugh in Company, without every one preſent being acquainted with the Occaſion, is inexcuſable; as is likewiſe Whiſpering, or even attending to others who would whiſper to you, if you can poſſibly avoid it; however, if that can't be done, either anſwer them aloud, or make no Anſwer at all. The Rules of Politeneſs prohibit every Thing of this Nature; for the reſt of the Company, upon theſe Occaſions, have all the Right in the World to think themſelves the Subjects of your Converſation and Ridicule. All Laughing, Whiſpering, affected Nods, Grimaces, and half Speeches, of which the Cauſe is unknown, are the Height of Impertinence and Ill-breeding.

Of GALLANTRY *from young Men.*

IT would be in itſelf a Tranſgreſſion of the Rules of Politeneſs, to entertain one ſo young and blooming as you are, Madam, with Diſcourſes upon Things of a very ſerious Nature; I ſhall therefore leave them to your own future good Underſtanding, and proceed within the Limits I at firſt preſcribed myſelf. In the next Place, then, fair Lady, I would give you this Piece of Advice, not to be greatly alarmed at a little Gallantry, or a fine Thing that may be ſaid to you by a Man of Faſhion and Wit. Upon Occaſions of that Kind, you may very well acquit yourſelf by a gentle Smile, accompanied with a Bluſh, to let him ſee that you are neither a Prude or Coquette; but as this is a tender Subject, and very difficult for you to maintain properly for any Length of Time, endeavour always to give a different

different Turn to the Diſcourſe; which laudable Piece of Artifice may ſerve to diſengage you, without leſſening in the leaſt People's Opinion of your Wit.

Although at ſuch a Juncture, 'tis certainly beſt to make no Anſwer at all; yet, if it can't be avoided, take Care that your Repartees be ſhort, modeſt, and judicious; in order to which you may venture to prophecy what handſome Things may at any Time be ſaid to you upon this Head, and conſequently to conſider beforehand what Anſwer you may the moſt properly make to them; remembring always that your Modeſty and Reſerve have no Appearance of Haughtineſs or Diſdain, but be conſtantly ſeaſoned with Sweetneſs and Civility; not affected, but maintained by the Opinion which the World equally has of your Virtue and Severity.

Of FRIENDSHIP *with Men.*

YOUR Eſteem and Friendſhip ſhould be always beſtowed on true Merit, that's to ſay, on thoſe whom you both know to be poſſeſſed of it, and to have the Reputation of being ſo; but then, if they ſhould happen to be Perſons of our Sex, and ſuch as would probably take Advantage of your good Opinion of them, be careful of maintaining that ſtrict Watch over your Eyes, Words, and Heart, that they may not in the leaſt perceive you have any particular Regard for them, otherwiſe you have taken a dangerous Step, which may give them Hopes of your going ſtill farther. Such a Diſcovery would give Room for Applications and Importunities, which might put your Virtue to a fiery Trial, and endanger your Reputation at the ſame Time; whilſt the reſt of your Sex, who ſee and envy your ſuperior Wiſdom and Accompliſhments, would give you leſs Quarter than they would to one who did not eclipſe them ſo much. A Friendſhip of this Kind is commonly ſtiled Eſteem; but have a Care, young Lady, leſt it go farther than you intend it ſhould. The Merit of a Man of Wit and Senſe has a prevalent Influence on a Woman's Inclinations, and that Eſteem which ſhe ſuffered herſelf to indulge at firſt, is generally the Road that leads to her Heart.

To him with whom you risk a Part,
At firſt, of your Eſteem,
Once got that Credit in your Heart,
Love next his Due *will ſeem.*

Of LOVE.

LOVE is a whimſical Paſſion, Madam, which deprives thoſe of Wit who had it before, and inſpires thoſe with it who had never any 'till then. 'Tis an agreeable Declivity which has its Precipices and Falls; an Inchantment which flatters the Fancy, and gives a viſionary Pleaſure, but at the ſame Time there is infinite Danger in being led by it. You, Madam, are young, rich, and fair, and conſequently have a thouſand Occaſions of loving and of being loved; but theſe very Advantages are what lay you under an indiſpenſable Obligation to be more circumſpect and reſerved than others leſs happy in thoſe Reſpects; conſider that there is nothing more important in every State of Life, than to conduct yourſelf prudently with regard to our Sex: Moſt of them take as much, nay indeed more Pleaſure in being thought to gain Victories over the Fair, than in Reality to do it: This is a Piece of Vanity built on the Notion, that the World muſt imagine them to poſſeſs ſome irreſiſtible Accompliſhments who could vanquiſh the moſt rigid Virtue, adorn'd with Beauty and Merit at the ſame Time. It is therefore highly neceſſary for you, Madam, to avoid ever dropping an Expreſſion that may flatter their Vanity, or give them a Glimpſe of Hope that they might ſucceed in their Purſuit; for as they have a greater regard for their own Reputation than for yours, they will be always ready to take more than you ought to allow them. A Woman, who is willing to go as great Lengths in their Favour as ſhe may do without Imputation, will be mighty apt to take a little Step farther, without being much ſtartled at it. You may have ſhewn a Civility perhaps, or even ſome ſlight Piece of Complaiſance, without thinking any Thing more of the Matter; but one of thoſe preſumptuous Sparks, who conſtrues every Thing agreeable to the Opinion he has of his own ſweet Perſon, is a very dangerous Interpreter: He won't fail to perſuade himſelf that you think as he does, and will conclude, in Spite of all your Precautions, that you intend to make him happy in Time.

Of MATRIMONY.

IT has been juſtly obſerved, that young People of your Sex, who are ſuffered to be Miſtreſſes of their own Inclinations, very ſeldom ſucceed in the nice and important Buſineſs of Matrimony. They are apt to ſurrender at the firſt Attack, without reflecting of what Moment it is to deliberate upon their Choice; they look upon Matrimony as the Period to the filial Subjection they

they are uneaſy under, and as a State of more Freedom and Independency than that which it delivers them from, and therefore ruſh into it with Tranſport the very firſt Opportunity. I have ſeen many, but alas too late! moſt cordially repenting that they had not left the whole Diſpoſal of themſelves, in this reſpect, to their Relations or Friends, who would probably have made a more judicious, as well as fortunate Choice.

Take warning, Madam, from ſuch Examples, and form your Conduct upon oppoſite Principles; perſevere heroically in the ſame Delicacy of Sentiments, which I have hitherto remarked in you, ſo as to tremble at the leaſt Freedoms or Particularities with thoſe of our Sex; but ſhould a Thing of that Nature at any Time overtake you, reproach yourſelf for ſuch a Slip, and reflect that it bids fair for depriving you, not only of your Quiet, but of your Reputation, likewiſe. In your preſent dangerous Situation, with Youth, Riches, and Beauty around you, it is of the utmoſt Importance for you to hide this rebellious Paſſion under the Maſk of Good-nature and pure Civility; and above all to take Care that your Eyes don't betray you, and treaſonably publiſh the Sentiments of your Heart. As long as a Man does not think you have any particular Affection for him, he will attempt nothing but what you may eaſily repel; but ſhould he diſcover your Foible, and be convinced of it from ſome ſingular Regard he has obſerved you to ſhew him, you ought the more to fear leſt the Knave ſhould make a Conqueſt of your Heart; for at the ſame Time he'll become more intrepid, bold, enterpriſing and dangerous. In this Caſe, you ought to have recourſe to Abſence for Relief, or at leaſt to avoid ever being in a Place where he can poſſibly have the Liberty of coming to an Explanation with you. But how, you'll ſay, to find a Remedy where there is not one? Why, truly I have only this to offer, you muſt call in your Underſtanding to defend your Heart, and determine, that as you had always hitherto been happily Miſtreſs of it, ſo you would ſtill continue to be; and never be put to the Bluſh for the contrary by any one. You'll very probably be ſurprized at my talking to you in this Manner; but believe me, Madam, you ought not to build ſo much upon your own Force in this Caſe, as not to call in the Succours of Counſel and Precaution. Young Ladies of your Character are often the moſt vigorouſly aſſaulted, becauſe the moſt difficult Conqueſts are what Men of the greateſt Wit and Delicacy delight in.

Many, eſpecially thoſe of your own Sex, Madam, will be frequently talking to you of Matrimony, and endeavouring to diſcover your Sentiments upon ſome Match or other that they want

to propoſe to you; but beware ſaying any Thing that may diſcover either your Inclination or Averſion, with regard to any one in Queſtion. Though Diſſimulation is not a very laudable Quality in general, yet in this Caſe you may be permitted a little; but be ſure to conceal it prudently, under the Appearance of Modeſty and Submiſſion; and intimate, by the little Perplexity you ſeem under in making an Anſwer, *That you are not the Perſon to be conſulted upon ſuch an Affair, but your Father and Mother, whoſe Will you ſhall always make your own.* Not, Madam, but I'll readily acknowledge, that as you are principally intereſted in an Affair of that Importance, you ought to have your Share in determining upon it; Heaven having caſt into your Lot an ample Meaſure both of Wit and Judgment, you'll here have an ample Occaſion for them both. As to Fortune and Birth, you may rely upon your Relations and Friends to take Care of theſe Particulars; but as to Perſon, the Choice is entirely placed in yourſelf. If he be a very young Man, mark well what he is at preſent, and what he gives Hope of being hereafter; but in this Caſe, guard your Inclinations againſt certain little Engagements that bewitch the Underſtanding, and baniſh the Thoughts of what is to come: If he be a Man arrived at Ripeneſs of Years, and is all at preſent that it can be expected he ever ſhould be, inform yourſelf what his Manner of Life has been, whether he is one of Probity, Religion, good Conduct, and Reputation; whether he be ſubject to any diſagreeable Infirmity, or violent Paſſion: In a Word, whether his Morals, Manners, and Temper are agreeable to your own. Conſult yourſelf well upon this Subject; the Choice in Queſtion is for your Life, you cannot therefore take too much Precaution in it.

Of DUTY *to* PARENTS.

ALTHO' you live in the Nature of a Friend only with your Father and Mother, who ſhew the utmoſt Tenderneſs and Affection towards you; yet always preſerve the higheſt Veneration and Duty towards them: Honour them with a Love and Reſpect, flowing purely from the Fountain of Gratitude: This they have a juſt Claim to on Account of the Benefits they have conferred upon you. Nothing is required of you by them, but what is agreeable to your own Inclinations, becauſe they are perſuaded you can do nothing amiſs. They every Day hear ſo much in your Favour from their Friends, ſuch Encomiums upon your good Senſe, Ingenuity, and Conduct, that there is nothing farther wanting to confirm them in their good Opinion of you;

it

it therefore only remains with you not to make an ill Uſe of it, but to be always ſubmiſſive, good, and complaiſant to them, and officious to do them any Service or Pleaſure that lies within your Power. At the ſame Time be ſingularly careful never to let ſlip a Word which may injure the reſt of your Siſters in their Affection, in order to juſtify their Prepoſſeſſions in your Favour. Such a Procedure as this is a pitiful and malicious Effect of Self-love, which is the leſs equitable, as it covers all for itſelf, and would concede nothing to others. If their Temper and Humour ſhould not, at all Times, ſtrike in with yours, acquieſce without the leaſt Oppoſition or Murmuring, and have a religious Care of ever complaining of it to others.

Of INSINCERITY.

SPEAKING of the Court, Madam, naturally leads me to caution you againſt Diſſimulation. Preſerve, with the utmoſt Vigilance, that Sincerity and Plainneſs of Heart with which Heaven has bleſſed you, and never deviate from the ſtrict Truth, or endeavour to appear what you are not. Integrity and Plain-dealing are Qualities which, tho' too few poſſeſs, yet all pique themſelves upon; and Men, who will acknowledge the various other Errors they are guilty of, will never allow that they are inſincere; the Reaſon of which is, that Sincerity is a Virtue which intirely depends upon the Will, and which therefore every one is capable of. Although one ſo young as you, Madam, cannot have had many Opportunities of exerting this Virtue hitherto; yet the Averſion you manifeſt for the oppoſite Qualities ſufficiently diſcovers the Tendency of your Heart. But as the beſt Inclinations may be warped by bad Example, and by aſſociating with contagious Company, be extremely cautious with whom you converſe much, or with whom you cultivate Friendſhips: And if, after you have engaged in any Ties of that Nature, you ſhould find that you had been too precipitate in it, and were got in with Hypocrites and Diſſemblers, throw off all Intercourſe with them at once, without Ceremony or Heſitation; any Reſentment they may ſhew for your quitting them in that Manner, can't poſſibly be ſo detrimental to you as placing any longer Confidence in them would be. This Piece of Advice is what I would beg leave, Madam, to preſs home upon you, as it is that on which the good or ill Succeſs of Life frequently depends.

Of

Of FRIENDSHIP.

NEVER pique yourſelf upon having a great Number of Friends, which is the Folly of Abundance of People, who being willing to embrace all, hold none; they are generally very ſlight Friends, who are very ready to profeſs themſelves ſuch: As nothing is more valuable than a ſincere and ſolid Friendſhip, it requires a great deal of Time and Care to obtain it. Contract, therefore, Madam, but few Friendſhips, and thoſe with People of Merit, and after due Deliberation, the Virtue and good Conduct of thoſe we enter into Alliance with is of the utmoſt Conſequence; for if their Reputation be any Way blemiſh'd, let us talk as much as we pleaſe, that their Faults are perſonal, they will in ſome Meaſure reflect upon us, be we never ſo innocent.

Avoid as much as poſſible being alone with Men, eſpecially with only one. As you are very much obſerved, young Lady, wherever you go, it is of the utmoſt Importance to you to be always found in good and proper Company. When you are not with that excellent Lady, your Mother, be only with ſuch as are agreeable to her Choice, which will ſecure you from being expoſed to either Danger or Cenſure.

It is poſſible, indeed, that you may ſometimes be obliged, contrary to your Inclinations, to be in Company with thoſe whoſe Reputation in Life is not of the moſt unblemiſhed Caſt; in that Caſe be ſingularly cautious of your Behaviour before them. As *your* Conduct is a ſtanding Reproach to *theirs*, they'll not fail to watch narrowly for ſomething to take Advantage of in it, and will be induſtrious to publiſh and magnify every little Slip they can poſſibly lay hold of, in order to reduce you to a Level with themſelves. All you have to do, Madam, in this Caſe, is to ſee ſuch People as ſeldom as you can, to talk with them as little as poſſible, to engage with them in nothing at all, and at the ſame Time not to provoke them by any Means, if you can help it.

If you are under a Neceſſity of living and converſing with People in the World who are guilty of Errors and Indiſcretions in Life, endeavour, if they are either your Equals or Inferiors, to reform them with Gentleneſs and Candour; but if they are of a ſuperior Rank to yourſelf, your Buſineſs is to be ſilent, and not publiſh their Imperfections, under Pretence of being ſorry for them, which will have no Effect upon them, and only diſcover Want of Charity and Prudence in yourſelf.

Of

Of doing GOOD OFFICES.

BE always ready and ſolicitous to do a Service to any one, when an Opportunity offers; and, in order to do it with the better Grace, do not indulge that little, pitiful, private Envy, which is too often raiſed in People, by either the good Fortune or good Qualities of their Equals. Nothing can manifeſt a greater Selfiſhneſs, or Meanneſs of Spirit, than to endeavour to injure or leſſen the Merit of another. Envy is the common Source of Hatred, Calumny, Contention and Animoſity between Families, and indeed of the principal Rubs and Diſorders in Life. In order, therefore, to guard effectually againſt this poiſonous Paſſion, reflect on the various Miſchiefs it produces, and have always before you that excellent Maxim of Morality, which is as natural as it is juſt, that is, *To do as you would be done by.* Endeavour to preſerve yourſelf always in an eaſy, gay, agreeable Temper, as far as is conſiſtent with Reaſon and Decorum; and be ſure never to aim at Singularity in any Thing, except in Modeſty, Good-ſenſe, and Good-nature.

Of ANGER *and* RESENTMENT.

NEVER ſpeak to any one in an eager, contemptuous or fretful Manner; but when a Provocation is given you, reflect, that being in a Paſſion will only diſcover your own Weakneſs; call Reaſon therefore inſtantly to your Aid, and let it extinguiſh the firſt Emotions and Heats of Revenge: But ſhould the Affront be of ſuch a Nature that 'tis neceſſary for you to ſhew a Reſentment of it, don't do it with Violence and Animoſity, nor ſuffer it to hurry you beyond yourſelf: Conſider, that if you can preſerve a Moderation upon ſuch Occaſions as theſe, you'll ſpare yourſelf a great deal of Chagrin and Uneaſineſs in the Courſe of Life; and you'll acquire the more Eſteem by it, in Proportion as this Virtue is very rare to be met with, even in thoſe too who ſet up for the higheſt Perfection. Man, by the Excellency of his intellectual Faculties, approaches to what is moſt ſublime in the Nature of Angels; but one half Quarter of an Hour of Anger tumbles him down from that Height, and places him below a Brute, where he often repents, when it is too late, that he gave himſelf up a Prey to ſuch a hideous, and diſreputable Paſſion: I don't mean, however, that you ought to be inſenſible to all Injuries or Provocations, nor even perſwade you againſt diſcovering a quick Senſe of them, eſpecially if they tend

tend to caſt a Blemiſh on your Honour or Reputation; but ſtill you may ſpeak your Mind without Heat and Extravagance, or rendering Injury for Injury; 'tis by Reaſon and Mildneſs, not Clamour, that you'll get the better of your Adverſary in the Opinion of all ſenſible and well-bred People.

Whatever Juſtice paſſionate People may have on their Side, we are loth to allow it them; the wild Diſcompoſure it occaſions naturally turns us againſt them. Under the Power of this Demon Anger, the higheſt Beauty becomes Deformity; the Face pale, the Lips livid, the Eyes flaming out in Revenge, the Voice loud and boiſterous, the Joints trembling with the tumultuous Motion of the Spirits, whilſt Reaſon is dethroned, and lawleſs Fury uſurps her Empire: And when the Courſe of Nature is thus ſet on fire, the Tongue, that unruly Member, will be ſure to put in for its Share of Extravagancy, and ſpeak proud and fooliſh Things: And thus, with a blind and undiſtinguiſhing Courage, our Paſſion falls foul upon every Thing that comes in its Way, confounding all Diſtinctions of Time, Perſons, and Circumſtances, forgetting all Obligations, and neither *fearing God nor regarding Man* In ſhort, this Paſſion, when it is not under the Check of Reaſon, is a moſt accompliſh'd Madneſs, and does more expoſe and leſſen us in the Judgment of wiſe Men, than the Malice of the greateſt Enemy could poſſibly do.

I have placed this Portrait before you, Madam, in order to give you an Abhorrence of what it repreſents. The natural Sweetneſs and Delicacy of your Temper ſeems indeed to make ſuch a Diſſuaſive unneceſſary; but the various Viciſſitude and Occurrences of Life are too frequently found to have an unhappy Influence here, which may be prevented by fortifying your Reſolution with a juſt Idea of the Deformity of this Paſſion.

Of GENTLENESS *and* MODESTY.

FROM combating Anger I naturally paſs to the Support of its oppoſite Virtues, Gentleneſs and Modeſty. Theſe are Qualities ſo eſſential to your Sex, that without them all others, however ſingular and brilliant, have nothing amiable in them. A young Lady remarkable for them, as you are, Madam—why, her Eyes, her Words, her Carriage, her Actions, and every Movement of her Mind, are free from Affectation or Indecency. By Modeſty, I mean a Diſpoſition oppoſite to that confident, raſh, inconſiderate Temper, which is ſo extremely diſagreeable and unbecoming in the Fair Sex; a certain ſoft, refined and compoſed Behaviour, which crowns the Buſineſs of an accompliſhed Conduct,

Conduct, and adds a Grace to every other Grace. This Quality is ſo very neceſſary, that all who would make themſelves pleaſing and acceptable, are obliged to call in either the Virtue itſelf, or the Reſemblance of it, to their Aſſiſtance. One who is guilty of all thoſe Tranſgreſſions, which we'll rather imagine than mention, if ſhe will but put on the Maſk of Modeſty, will pleaſe at leaſt in this Reſpect, and under that Veil conceal the Irregularities of her Heart, eſpecially from thoſe who have not had flagrant Proofs of them. I have heard it debated, in the beſt Company, whether it were not better for a Woman to have ſome Faults, with a great deal of Modeſty, than to be free from every one, except the Want of Modeſty, and ſound Judgment always given in favour of the former.

Of Keeping and Imparting SECRETS.

THERE is nothing in the Commerce of the World more commendable, than the religiouſly keeping of whatever Secret may be committed to us; for this is a ſacred and inviolable Depoſite. Should a Friend, therefore, from the Eſteem ſhe has of you, intruſt you with one at any Time, don't imagine, Madam, that under any Pretext you may impart it to another Friend, who may not perhaps keep it better than yourſelf. This would not only be Treachery to the former, but a Diſcovery of your Weakneſs at the ſame Time to the latter, who will take Care, if ſhe have any Prudence, of ever placing a Confidence in you. The Science of Secrecy ought to be ſo much eſteemed by you, Madam, as it is rare in your Sex, and as what you'll meet with a thouſand Occaſions for the Practice of in Life. Conſider that a Secret revealed, often produces infinite Miſchiefs; but if you once have acquired the Reputation of being diſcreet and reſerved in this Reſpect, every one will regard you as an invaluable Treaſure, and you may eaſily make yourſelf Miſtreſs of all the Intentions of their Hearts. However, I would adviſe you, by all Means, never to pique yourſelf upon being let into the Secrets of the Great, which is a Folly in too many of thoſe who have Acceſs to them; nor to be even very forward in receiving Truſts of that Nature from them, which often prove troubleſome Burdens to us. In a Word, Madam, there is no greater Mark, both of Politeneſs and Good-ſenſe, than the Talent of preſerving both our own Secrets and thoſe of our Friends. If you have, therefore, any Thing yourſelf, which you would keep concealed from the World, impart it not to any one, whoſe Fidelity you may not be very well convinced of; and it is

a difficult Matter to be ſure of that, as the World runs now, when ſcarce any Thing but Diſguiſe and Self-intereſt prevail. Not that I would have you ſo very delicate and reſerved, as to confide in no Body, this would render your Life uncomfortable, as well as betray too ſuſpicious and ſingular a Temper, but I only adviſe you to act with Caution in the Caſe.

You young Ladies are too ſubject to place a raſh and indiſcriminate Confidence in others, either by the Complaints you make of ſome third Perſon, whom you imagine has offended you, or by the ſecret Pleaſure you take in publiſhing the Follies of another, or in degrading and leſſening any one whoſe good Qualities ſeem to rival your own; which is a Practice as unjuſt as it is mean and diſhonourable. It is likewiſe but too certain, that moſt of the Indiſcretions Women are guilty of with our Sex, ariſe from their intruſting them with their Secrets or Complaints, of which we know how to make our Advantage, and by Means whereof they are often drawn into Difficulties, which they at firſt little apprehended.

Of the IMITATION *of Others.*

BE induſtrious always to make accurate Remarks on the Behaviour and Converſation of People of an eſtabliſhed Merit and Reputation, and endeavour to carry off every Thing that you ſee in them proper for you to imitate. Never bluſh to acquire Inſtruction; but at the ſame Time be not of that Number who cry up every Thing as marvellous, and not to be equall'd. This is the very Character of Ignorance itſelf: And methinks I ſhould not care to let the World know that Ignorance and I were ſo nearly related.

Of COMPLIMENTS *and* CEREMONY.

NEVER make long Compliments, nor ſtand upon tedious Ceremonies, which are both troubleſome and ridiculous. The higher Condition People are of, a Behaviour of this Kind towards them is the more impertinent, as it impoſes upon them the trouble of a Return; on the ſame Account we ſhould not perſiſt in refuſing any Mark of Favour or Diſtinction that ſuch Perſons would confer on us. When you receive Viſits you muſt never diſpenſe with proper Civility and Complaiſance, however familiar you may be with the Perſons; for it is better to have them ſay you are more ceremonious than you need be, than to have

have them accuſe you of being deficient in Reſpect. There are many in the World who are extremely delicate upon this Article of Ceremony, and look upon the leaſt Omiſſion of it in any Body, as a Mark of their not having the Regard and Eſteem for them which they expected. When you have ſuch People to deal with, the beſt Way is to comply ſomething with their Foible, to be all Complaiſance, and diſpute nothing they ſay. I own that Viſits of that Kind are very tireſome and diſagreeable to thoſe who receive them; but, alas, there is no being in the World without bearing a little with the Imperfections of its Tenants.

Of Asking QUESTIONS.

ANOTHER Maxim, Madam, which I would have you lay down to yourſelf, is never to inquire after a Thing which it is not neceſſary you ſhould be informed of. For inſtance, ſuppoſe you meet an Acquaintance in the Street, or on the Road, 'tis quite want of Good-breeding to aſk where they are are going, or whence they came; which is a very common Compliment from thoſe who know no better. Such Queſtions as theſe are extremely indiſcreet; for there may often be Reaſons why they cannot be properly anſwered, and conſequently they muſt then create a Confuſion on both Sides.

Of TALKING *before Servants.*

IN Converſation at Table, or elſewhere, be particularly cautious, when Servants are preſent, not to let a Word ſlip but what is juſt, reaſonable, and inoffenſive; conſidering always before you ſpeak, and preventing the Vivacity of your Imagination from betraying your Caution. I have known many Miſchiefs ariſe from want of Circumſpection in this Reſpect; for thoſe Gentry ſeldom put the beſt Conſtruction on what they hear, or leſſen it in the telling.

Of BEHAVIOUR *towards rude young Fellows.*

YOU will ſometimes, even in the beſt of Company, meet with preſumptuous, impudent young Fellows, who think themſelves at liberty to ſay or do any Thing from the good Opinion they have of their own Perſons. In this Caſe, your Buſineſs is to avoid, as much as poſſible, either converſing with them, or liſtening to them; and if they offer at ſaying any Thing that

that is too free, and contrary to the Decency and Reſpect they ought to ſhew you, don't reflect upon their Ill-treatment in harſh Terms, but immediately diſengage yourſelf with Civility, and retire without Affectation or aſſuming the Air of Prudery or Diſdain. The Vexation at being repulſed will otherwiſe make them impertinent; and as ſuch Perſons don't always want Wit, though they want Good-manners, they would have their Revenge on you by inventing Scandals, which might caſt a Blemiſh on the moſt unſpotted Reputation; and you know, Madam, that true Virtue ſtands not in need of either a ſtern or gloomy Viſage.

Of RIDICULE.

NEVER endeavour to divert yourſelf with, or take any Advantage of the Simplicity and Incapacity of others, eſpecially of either Fools or Children. Mend or inform them if you can; but if you can't do that, pity them at leaſt: Neither indulge, Madam, that criticiſing, ridiculing Temper which ſuffers nothing to eſcape it; and which is always prying after ſomething to raiſe a Laugh at anothers Expence. If any one ſhould be guilty of a Miſtake in Company where you are preſent, don't, if poſſible, appear to have perceived it; but if it be too flagrant for you to pretend Ignorance, ſo far from diverting yourſelf with it, as too many will, endeavour to excuſe and palliate it in the beſt Manner you can.

Of IDLENESS.

OF all Things fly Indolence and Idleneſs, which are two of the greateſt of all Vices, becauſe they are the Parents of moſt. Pride and Luxury, with a long Retinue, are their pernicious Offspring. And indeed the idle Perſon could not poſſibly know how to paſs her Hours, if ſhe had not Indulgences of every Kind to ſweeten ſome, and the ſolicitous Deckings of Vanity to take up others. How many Hours are her pretty morning Eyes lifted up to nothing but a Glaſs? That thin Shadow of herſelf is the Idol to which ſhe pays all her Devotions! And when, with much Care and Time, ſhe has arrayed and marſhalled out herſelf, ſhe ſpends as much more too in the Complacency of viewing this; with eager Eyes and Appetite, ſurveying every Part, as if only dreſt a Proſpect for herſelf. And why all this? Why then truly ſhe is in a Condition to loiter away the reſt of the

the Day in ſlaying of Hearts or Reputations; either in imprudent Galantries with thoſe of our Sex, or impertinent Viſits with thoſe of her own. Here, though Idle in what concerns herſelf, ſhe becomes buſy enough in other People's Affairs. As ſhe has no other Employment for her Time but Talking, and has neither ſo much Virtue as to delight in talking good Things, nor ſo much Wit as to be able to ſay innocently diverting ones, ſhe muſt of Neceſſity talk of others, cenſure and defame. This is indeed her only poignant Converſation. Gall is Sauce to all her Entertainments. 'Tis the Poiſon of Aſps that is under her Lips, which gives Reliſh to her Diſcourſes. Theſe, Madam, are ſome of the Brood of Idleneſs; in order to avoid the Snare of which, regularly parcel out your Time, and allot a proper Province to every Part of it; but as ſmall a one as you pleaſe to Viſiting and Diverſions, which engroſs the Whole of moſt of your Station and Sex.

Of HOPE *and* BELIEF.

IT is an Error very common with young Perſons of your Sex, Madam, to believe or hope too eaſily, eſpecially in what relates to our Sex. This ſprings from their not having experienced the Infidelity of Men, and how little Confidence ought to be placed in what they promiſe or ſwear; therefore, young Lady——

Read this and learn, When we moſt Zeal impart,
We're then moſt thorough Atheiſts at the Heart.

Of HOUSWIFRY.

YOU may think it, perhaps, a low Part of Inſtruction to adviſe you any Thing with regard to Family Tranſactions. No matter, Madam, 'tis a neceſſary one. While you are thus young then, and under your Mother's Directions, endeavour to make yourſelf Miſtreſs of every Thing proper in that Reſpect, by which you may eaſe her, as well as inform yourſelf. Look round you, and obſerve if the various Domeſtics diſcharge their reſpective Duties; but at the ſame Time lay it down for a Maxim never to treat them in an imperious Manner, or with an Air of Contempt, which will only procure you Hate from them inſtead of Submiſſion and Reſpect. When they do well, obtain Rewards and Encouragements for them; when the contrary, inform them of it, and reprove them with Mildneſs; if that won't do,

do, you may proceed to Threats; but never be the Cauſe of their Diſmiſſion, unleſs all gentler Methods fail. You ſhould not think it beneath you neither to be acquainted with Weights, Meaſures, and the Value of every Thing neceſſary in a Houſe; when you come to be Miſtreſs of a Family yourſelf, Madam, you'll find this Knowledge, which may now look trifling to you, a very conſiderable Treaſure.

Of BEHAVIOUR *at* TABLE.

HAVING thus, Madam, gone with you thro' many Ceremonies, give me Leave to ſee you in the next Place ſeated at Table, where there are a great many Rules and Decorums to be obſerved. The Head, Arms, and Eyes ought to maintain their ſeveral Poſts, ſo that a Grace and Symmetry may flow from the whole Body. It is very unbecoming in a young Lady to look round and examine the ſeveral Diſhes, or to talk of what ſhe either likes or diſlikes. Young Perſons of your Sex are always ſtrictly remarked at Table, and from their Behaviour there a Judgment is formed of their Education and Conduct. Above all Things never indulge in high Diſhes, rich Sauces, or ſtrong Liquors of any Kind, which only ſerve to overcharge the Body with noxious Humours, and impair the Vigour and Vivacity of the Mind, and are equally Foes both to good Health and good Senſe. There is one Error more, Madam, which I beg Leave to caution you againſt under this Article, which is the Affectation of a nice and refined Palate. This betrays Whim and Caprice, and is a falſe Delicacy ariſing from the Vanity of being diſtinguiſhed from other People. It is an Indiſcretion which your Sex are extremely liable to, and yet is a Diſeaſe they might eaſily cure themſelves of, it being ſeated only in the Imagination. One pretends an invincible Averſion to ſuch a Diſh; another can't ſee a Cat or a Mouſe but they muſt preſently be in a Fit; Things which have nothing at all offenſive in them, but what is created by their fantaſtical Humour.

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